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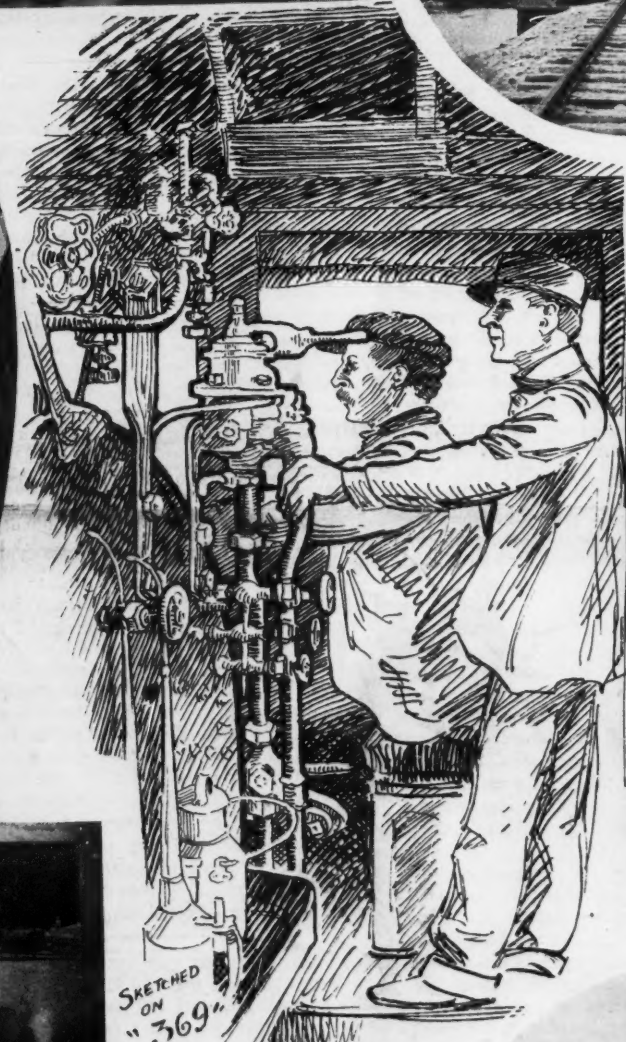
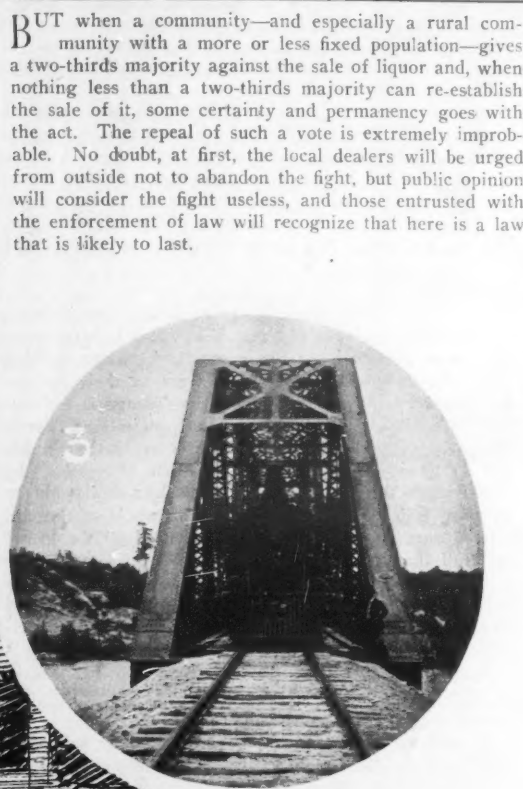
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THE FRONT PAGE

WHENEVER the Christian Guardian sees fit to make comment on an article of mine it manages to impart to its deliverance some such tone as would be conveyed in the words: "Pardon me for leaning down from a high moral altitude to send a flash of righteous wisdom through the gloom in which you are groping." For these little occasional attentions from The Guardian and the kind pulpit manner in which it is pleased to notice this journal, no doubt I should be humbly grateful. It has not a hard word to say of me, but generously attributes any disagreement between my opinions and its own to the fact that I do not understand. But fortunately it can explain everything in a few well chosen words.

The Guardian quoted the prediction made in these columns that before long the view would be universally accepted that the calling for a three-fifths vote to carry "local option" and also for a three-fifths vote to repeal it where once it has gone into force, was the sanest step ever taken in connection with local or municipal prohibition. Evidently The Guardian does not agree with this. Hence I am astray, in the dark, unfamiliar with the facts, not acquainted with recent occurrences.

In that article the opinion was ventured that presently "it will not be those opposed to the sale of liquor but those who favor the sale of it, who will be protesting against the three-fifths clause." To this The Guardian replies: "We must say that at present we do not know of one man in the liquor trade who complains that the three-fifths clause is an injury to the trade." Brushing aside the unworthy supposition that men in the liquor trade would rush to The Guardian with a complaint if they had one, let me suggest that one can scarcely expect the liquor men to see what is happening in this matter when the prohibitionists, with The Guardian to aid them, fail to see it. In the strife between the rival factions the combatants are too busy thrusting and guarding to take note of the changing slope of the ground over which their struggle is tending. It does not matter which side was pleased when the three-fifths clause was introduced nor which side made outcry—nor do we need to consider the argument that the clause was introduced to favor one side and handicap the other. Aside from the contending factions altogether, there is a third and greater party concerned in this business, viz.: the State. It is to the interest of the State that there shall be peace, permanence, settled and stable conditions, not interminable struggle between factions on the question of license or no license. Any person who has lived in a town or village under the Scott Act or local option knows how bitter are the feuds engendered, how malicious the slanders spoken, how deep-reaching and deplorable the enmities aroused. That is to say these things are known to the average person, although men who occupy pulpits and men who tend bars get but one-sided versions of what actually happens. The community suffers much from being the scene of a continuous and indecisive warfare between the two factions—first the troops of the parson capturing the place, and then, after much guerilla fighting, the forces of the liquor-seller again prevailing for a time. The place is under siege of one faction or the other all the time, like a border town in war. While hotels are licensed, the "dry" forces are agitating with a view to carrying local option at the first opportunity. When the licenses have been cancelled, the "wet" forces are at work endeavoring to put the people to so much inconvenience for lack of hotel accommodation, and trying to make the restrictive law so much of a failure, that the people will turn from it. Dunkin Act, Scott Act, Local Option, follow each other in turn, and in the case of each there has been agitation, victory, defeat, and often a second victory and a second defeat.



SKETCHED
ON
"369"
FERGUS KYLE

- 1.—JOHN G. SULLIVAN,
CHIEF ENGINEER ON
CONSTRUCTION.
- 2.—UNLOADING THE AGENT'S
OUTFIT OF SUPPLIES.
- 3.—THE FRENCH RIVER
BRIDGE.
- 4.—SUPT. J. R. NELSON
EYEING BLACKSTONE
TRESTLE.
- 5.—GANG OF TRACK LABORERS
ON THEIR WAY TO
CAMP.
- 6.—BALLAST TRAIN UNLOADING.

WITH THE INSTALLATION TRAIN ON THE NEW TORONTO-SUDBURY LINE OF THE C.P.R.

The trouble has been lack of permanence—there has been nothing conclusive about these local measures. Neither the people of the municipality, the agents of the Crown entrusted with law enforcement, nor the Cabinet Ministers engaged in directing the affairs of Government, regarded the cancellation of licenses in a municipality as anything in the nature of a permanent choice, but as merely being a temporary decision, liable to be reversed at the first opportunity. Hotel men, on losing their licenses, so acted as to convince people that they had made a mistake—in some cases nailing up their houses; in other cases selling liquor defiantly; in yet other cases selling intoxicants quietly; in most cases offering hotel accommodation of so poor a quality that people would sigh for the return of the license system. The authorities did not enforce the law as if they had any belief in it. The feeling was that the prohibitionist had won; or the anti's had won. It was not felt that the community had reached anything in the nature of a final decision.

It is true that in Owen Sound the by-law was carried by a two-thirds majority and yet the verdict is not accepted locally as a permanent one. But even there it will be much more difficult to get a two-thirds vote to repeal it than it would have been to secure a bare majority. Experience shows that in such a populous place it is always possible to secure a majority vote for repeal after a certain length of time. It remains to be seen whether a two-thirds vote for repeal can be secured there. It remains to be seen, also, what effects would follow if everybody accepted the two-thirds vote as the sound basis on which a community could adopt local prohibition in the expectation that it would not be an experiment until the polls opened again, but as a permanent choice. Undoubtedly it is more difficult to carry local option under the present terms, but once carried, it will in most cases be found almost impossible to repeal it. The uncertainty which made such laws failures in the past, will no longer operate. The thing will be harder to do, but when

done it will be so well done that it will hold good. No doubt license holders regarded the two-fifths clause as favorable to them; in the end it is not going to prove so. It puts an end to sham battles, and endless movements forward and back, and gives local option a chance to make permanent conquest of much, if not all, territory it can once gain.

THE Dominion elections will, no doubt, be held within a year, and in view of Mr. Whitney's success, people are discussing Sir Wilfrid Laurier's chances in Ontario. At present this province sends to Ottawa a Conservative majority of ten, while in the local House Mr. Whitney has now a Conservative majority of sixty-eight. But the sweep made in the provincial contest has little significance in Federal politics. The forces line up in quite a different way for the Dominion elections. Probably the Conservatives will show considerably better than ten of a majority from Ontario in the next Parliament, although not enough to imperil the safety of the Liberal Government. From various causes Sir Wilfrid has lost ground in this province, which, perhaps, would not have been the case had he visited Ontario more frequently. No public man has been able to arouse more popular enthusiasm than he, and a few visits up this way would have worked wonders.

EVER since Hon. G. W. Ross entered the Senate this journal has been advising the Liberal party in Ontario to call a convention of all its progressive adherents in the various cities, towns and counties and reconstruct itself, with a view to the future. New men could come to the front, men who will count in the public life of to-morrow. Old men could stand aside, and take with them the past for which they are responsible. In last week's issue this suggestion was commended to Hon. A. G. McKay. Since then he has been in the city and on being asked by a daily newspaper reporter what he thought about calling a convention he is reported as having said that he favored such a convention at the proper time. He did not know that it would be wise to call it immediately. "A year ago," he said, "when I was tendered the leadership I expressed the view that a convention should eventually be held—a free gathering of Liberals, not to pass cut-and-dried resolutions, but to confer frankly together as to position, policy and platform. Within the next year such a gathering might well be held." The Liberal leader spent the day in town conversing with political friends, and before leaving was seen by another reporter, who says: "Concerning a convention, Mr. McKay thought no purpose could be served by calling one for some time, and intimated that one would be called before the next election, which is four years away."

Between these two interviews Mr. McKay probably learned that some Toronto Liberals, who are influential with him, are not at all anxious for a convention—not now, at any rate, some day, perhaps, but not at an early date. If Mr. McKay expects ever to be the leader of a people's party, with an army marching behind him, he will do well to reach the decision that he has got to cut loose on his own account to some extent and no longer place himself too implicitly under the guidance of a few men who have been handling the party, the caucus and the conventions—with results that are surely apparent enough. "A free gathering of Liberals," such as Mr. McKay has spoken of, would remake the party—would place it under control of a new board of directors, so to speak. Does he imagine for a moment that a convention, that will actually do anything in the way of a sweeping reconstruction, will ever be held, if he waits until those who are to be dispossessed of control consent to the calling of such a gathering?

Although his party has suffered a defeat that may have disheartened the forces for the present, Hon. A. G. McKay, if he is to lead a party, should have behind him, when the next session of the Legislature meets, a larger following than the few men—something less than a score in a House of one hundred and six—who were elected to support him. He might wisely refuse to lead in the Legislature as a mere house captain, but should demand such authority from a convention as will make him the party leader in fact as in name. If he be in favor of a reconstructed party he must see that the work of reconstruction, if it is to take place at all, must occur before the lesson of June 8 has been forgotten. The defeat the party has passed through is the opportunity of those who want to see new men and new issues brought to the front. A convention two or three years hence may prove about as useless as the last one.

This is not solely a party question, but one of public concern, for a living and strong Opposition is, under our system, necessary to good government.

IN view of the fatal hotel fire at Tillsonburg, much attention is being given to the question of the safety of life in case of fire in public-houses, and the Government has given instructions to local license inspectors to make a special tour of all the hotels in order to test the fire escapes, see if there are enough of them and if they are in good condition. The instructions are that in all hotels there must be, in every room above the second floor, a coil of rope, which could be used in case the inmates should be cut off by smoke or flame from any other means of escape. A coil of rope is a simple and cheap guarantee of safety, but it is to be feared that many hotelkeepers throughout Ontario entertain guests to whom they would not care to

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supply any such conveniences as an open window and a coil of rope. In fact, there are very few hotels in which the rooms are equipped in this way, and little, if any, effort has been made to enforce the regulation. The inspectors may make their tour and insist that ropes shall be supplied, as the regulation demands, but men on the spot will reason that as there has not been a fire there will not be one and all this talk about ropes will be regarded as the result of public nervousness, which will soon pass away.

After the fatal fire in Chicago, a few years ago, there was a great flutter all over America about making theatres safe against fire and panic, but interest in that subject is already gone, although, it cannot be doubted that, while the sweeping reforms that were at first advocated were not carried out, a real improvement in our theatres resulted. While the present interest in the question of making our hotels safe against fire will only prove temporary, in so far as the general public is concerned, we have a right to expect that the authorities will not prove as fickle-minded as the public, but will insist on the enforcement of necessary regulations. People may forget, but special officers are under salary and are expected to do the remembering. It is easy for the people to forget the danger of fire in hotels and theatres, especially as they are given to understand that responsibility in such matters is assumed by public inspectors. These officials should never sleep at their posts.

When an excursion boat, at New York, took fire a few years ago, resulting in great loss of life, it was discovered that those in command of the boat had little acquaintance with the fire-fighting appliances on board, that the hose was poor and useless and that the life preservers were rotten. This boat had been regularly inspected. The trouble was that neither the officers of the boat nor the inspectors could bring themselves to believe that there was any real danger, or any real necessity for these fidgety precautions called for by the law.

It is this tendency of the mind to think that terrible disasters can happen only to other people that is responsible for most tragedies.

REV. T. ALBERT MOORE says that ninety-six out of every hundred who are complained against for violating the Lord's Day Act draw back and promise not to offend again, after receiving letters from the Alliance. There is something peculiar about this. A law is a law, and why should persons who violate a law of the land be excused on giving their promises to Rev. T. A. Moore that they will not further offend? Again, were all these people doing things contrary to law, or were they but doing things of which Mr. Moore disapproved? Does he convert them, or scare them? It would seem that ninety-six per cent. of alleged offences under the Lord's Day Act are disposed of by Mr. Moore, not by the courts. The accused are let off on promising to behave as "Judge" Moore directs. This raises up an authority aside from law which might interfere improperly with the innocent doings of all those who would rather submit than take chances of prosecution.

If Mr. Moore is going to bind and loose, prosecute or pardon, as he may choose under the Lord's Day Act, it would be well that all his correspondence should be subject to inspection by the County Judge or Crown Attorney once each month.

AFTER three years' experience as chaplain at Toronto jail, Rev. Frank Vipond, rector of St. Barnabas, says that our system of imprisoning young fellows in their teens tends to make confirmed criminals of them. "I have called on boys," he says, "after they were taken to the jail and found them in tears and ready for a confidential talk. The next visit they showed less concern, and it went on until they reached the condition that on leaving after thirty days they would make permanent friends of the criminals with whom they had become acquainted during imprisonment." Mr. Vipond suggests that a youth, on being committed for a first offence, should be given a very short term, confined in a separate cell, and barked if need be.

That the jails and prisons are schools of crime has been charged over and over again in these columns, and any person who enquires into the subject will be confronted with proof of the fact at every turn. The best efforts of the State should be spent in seeking to avoid passing first sentences on boys, for too often they are there and then apprenticed to crime. To a boy the first conviction is a tragedy, while the second is an adventure. He goes to jail heart-broken, and next day moves in a numerous society where laws are laughed at. On his release he falls in with crooks, and in order to show that he is the bold fellow they take him to be, joins in any desperate enterprise. The most dangerous of all criminals is the fear-shaken youth who goes burglarizing with a loaded revolver and from sheer terror shoots at anybody who disturbs him. Nearly all the worst crimes of this class are committed by mere youths, pitifully ignorant of life.

WHAT may be called the University wing of the Republican party made an effort to have included in the Republican platform, at the Chicago convention, a plank, affirming respect for the courts and the duty of citizens to conform to law and order. It was believed by those who suggested this resolution that some public declaration, pledging the Republican party to enforce law and order, was necessary, and to an outside onlooker it does appear necessary that the people of the Republic should be called back from the way they are going. One can scarcely pick up a newspaper without reading of pitched battles either between the blacks and the whites somewhere in the South, between miners and mine-owners somewhere in the West, or between such people as the night-riders in Ohio and the troops under arms to protect property. A despatch from Ripley, Ohio, tells of the latest engagement between these night-riders and the troops, in which two of the former were fatally shot, and two others slightly. A farmer named Martin, who went to the aid of the soldiers, found on his barn door the next morning the following notice: "You got two of us, but we are coming back to get you and five others."

It is of little consequence what the rights and the wrongs may be behind such an organization as the night-riders, but it is quite evident that in a civilized country armed men should not be riding around at night murdering their fellows and burning property. If these men are but rascals the law should be strong enough to wipe them out. If they believe themselves to be honest citizens who are compelled to protect themselves by these acts of violence, the law should be able to show them that justice may be had in the courts.

In a civilized country it should not be necessary to seek justice with a gun. In a civilized country it should be impossible to secure justice with a gun.

It is almost alarming, however, to observe how frequently it happens in the United States that a group of people, who believe they have grievances, fall altogether

to get any relief, either in the courts or the legislature until they resort to violence, and create a situation that cannot be permitted to last. Then, too often, they get what they want and other people are made to see that violence alone commands attention.

THE resigning by Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto of all the dignities and powers exercised by him in his high office in the Roman Catholic Church, and his retirement to a retreat of one of the brotherhoods, where in addition to his food and lodging, he will be in receipt of but \$80 per annum for his clothing and personal expenses, is an exhibition of devotion to the simple and religious life well worthy of comment in this material age. Father O'Connor, as he is again called, never sought high office in his Church, shrank from it, and retired as soon as he could get permission to do so. It is said that he had always a fondness for the simple and studious life to which he has returned.

It is not often that we see an old man voluntarily relinquish large wealth and a power that is far-reaching, to assume a way of living that is scant and obscure. I first met Father O'Connor twenty years ago, when he was a stalwart and fine-looking priest, and even then he had a great reputation among people of his own faith for piety and unworldliness. His present course is in keeping with his earlier reputation.

IN California, this summer, great destruction is being caused by a plague of black mice, which in large numbers have been ruining the crops, and, where nothing else offered, have been stripping trees of their foliage. In the Carson river valley alone, the damage is estimated at \$250,000. The Ottawa Journal reminds us that in the early history of Canada, as preserved in the Canadian Archives, there are records which show that the first French settlers were nearly ruined by a similar plague of mice, which ravaged practically the whole of the cultivated part of the country, and devoured all the growing stuff that they took a fancy to.

The damage done by the little marauders was so fearfully great in those times of scanty crops and resources, that time after time the colony was brought to the verge of ruin. Famine conditions prevailed and almost the entire population had to be fed with provisions sent over from France until the following year's harvest, or the harvests of the second year after, as the case might be. In some instances, more than two successive seasons of scarcity almost of famine occurred in the pioneer settlements on the St. Lawrence, as the result largely, if not chiefly, of the field-mice plague.

From time to time warnings are given by scientists that the destruction of birds, which is continually going on, may overturn the balance of nature, and allow field mice and other pests to get the upper hand of man in his efforts to produce the world's food. As a rule, we pay very little attention to these warnings. Perhaps we do not give them enough attention. In North America millions of birds are slain every year, by men and boys, and those who are versed in such matters, assure us that these birds are more the friends than the enemies of agriculture. For instance, the farmer and the farmer's son, are ready to mete out sudden death to all and every member of the hawk family in the belief that every hawk is after chickens, whereas, very few of them interfere with domestic fowl. In the schools of Ontario there is much need for wider teaching of the subject of the usefulness and absolute necessity of the wild birds.

MR. JUSTICE LONGLEY, of Halifax, has published the address which he delivered before the Canadian Club in New York, and which excited so much newspaper discussion. He has sent me a copy of it, and in an explanatory note says that he felt called upon to print and circulate his speech owing to the fact that he was seriously misrepresented by the yellow journals of New York, and in despatches sent to Canada and to England. In those despatches it was made to appear that Judge Longley's remarks were of a sensational nature, that Ambassador Bryce arose and took issue with him, whereupon Judge Longley quit the room. The judge explains that all this is pure invention. Mr. Bryce did not reply to his speech, and the judge only left the dinner as had been previously arranged, as it was absolutely necessary for him to catch the midnight train back to Halifax.

In commenting on the subject of Judge Longley's speech a couple of weeks ago, I said that there appeared to be little wrong with his remarks, except that they might better have been delivered at home than across the border. In the note which accompanies his pamphlet, Judge Longley replies to the English editors who have censured him, in much the same words as were used in these columns. "Do they imagine that Canada will always be a colony?" he asks. "Even when her population is greater than the British Isles? Imperial Federation, I take it, has been abandoned. What is left, as practical Imperial policy, but autonomy, which is really enjoyed now, with a close alliance for the common defence and welfare of the Empire."

No harm is done by the open expression of political opinions, for if they are sound they deserve to be widely known, and if they are unsound they fail sooner or later. If an attempt be made to cork up political opinion it ferments. A man should be free to talk, for ingrowing opinions make him dangerous. MACK.

A Unique Figure Among Playwrights.

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, author of "The Servant in the House," the extraordinary drama which has, as acted at the Savoy Theatre by the Henry Miller Associate Players, caused a sensation in New York, is a grandson of the great Greek scholar of the same name. This grandfather, who, for years before his death, occupied the chair of classic languages at Cambridge, England, also wrote dramas, to say nothing of Greek and Latin poems. His passion for Attic literature and history was inherited by the author of "The Servant in the House," for he knows Greek well, and no man of the present day is more of an authority on the Greek drama than he. This is reflected in "The Servant in the House," for, while the latter is a drama of to-day presenting a modern century story, it is constructed with regard to the Greek ideal of unity in time, place, and action. Mr. Kennedy is a nephew of the present Lord Justice of Appeal, Sir William Rann Kennedy. His sister is Mrs. Harold Gorst, the English novelist, while his wife is known to fame throughout America and England as Edith Wynne Matthisen. She plays an important role in "The Servant in the House."

The Cowboy Baronet.

SIR GENILLE CAVE-BROWNE-CAVE, "the cowboy baronet," who has just arrived in England to claim his heritage, is the second and only surviving son of Sir Myles Cave-Browne-Cave, eleventh baronet, who died last year, leaving an estate of between two and three thousand acres of rich pasture land at Stretton-en-le-Field and a stately ancestral home, which has fallen to rack and ruin since the late baronet vacated it five years

ago, after living there for some time in melancholy loneliness.

The story of Sir Genille's life reads like a page of fiction, culled from Kipling or Manville Fenn. According to report, (says M. A. P.) he ran away from home as a boy and entered the navy. Abandoning a sea career, he enlisted in the army, and served with the 12th Hussars in India, where he saw active service in the Afghan campaign and received mention in dispatches. The next heard of him was in Africa, where he went in search of big game; and later he journeyed to India for some tiger-hunting. After a spell of cow-punching in Arizona, he returned to England, but being unable to settle down, he went on an expedition to Arctic regions.

His love of adventure subsequently led him to Puerto Rico, and he took part in the Spanish-American war. Then he secured an appointment as a purser on a P. and O. Company's boat, and turned up at Tientsin at the time of the Boxer outbreak. Here he was in a magazine explosion, being so severely injured that he lay in hospital for two months at the point of death. Skilful nursing, however, saved him, and when he became convalescent he returned to the Western States of America, and earned fame in "bronco-busting" and as a rough rider. Now he has claimed his birthright, and no doubt will find things tame after a life of stirring adventure. Sir Genille is thirty-nine, and unmarried.

FOUR new rural telephone companies were incorporated in last week's Ontario Gazette, one at Dunedin village, in Simcoe county; one at Caledon village, in Peel County; one at Sunderland, in York County, and another at North Augusta to operate in Leeds and Grenville. In a few years thousands of farmhouses will be equipped with telephones and rural life will be revolutionized.

AT McGill's medical convocation Principal Peterson stated—or, perhaps we should say, threatened—that unless the big purses of Montreal came to the aid of the University he might find it necessary to go to Europe and appeal for funds. The day for "passing round the hat" to aid this and that in Canada is surely gone by.

"NO one can place a limit," says Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, "on the possibilities of the western provinces in the next ten years."

SPEAKING of the growth of the Methodist church in the United States, Bishop Berry, of Buffalo, who attended Conference in Toronto this week said: "The Methodist church has progressed considerably since the time when a man was defeated in an election simply because he had side-whiskers." No doubt the Bishop's allusion was lost on many of the young people who heard it. He meant to say that the man was defeated on the suspicion that he was a Methodist. In these days side-whiskers no longer denote the deacon.

A STRIKING statement was made by Hon. Frank Cochrane at the banquet to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy when he said that three-fifths of the province of Ontario has not yet had a surveyor on it.

THERE is trouble in Great Britain's hands over the Franco-British exhibition which is just nicely getting under way. Thousands of French visitors are coming over every week-end to take in the Fair, only to find it closed on Sundays. They are astounded that the Exhibition should be closed on the only day they can see it. The demand that it should be thrown open is growing.

IN a recent paragraph in this journal reference was made to certain verses in the Psalms and the reader was advised to look them up for himself. A Winnipeg reader writes to "suggest, for the benefit of your Western readers, that in future you quote the passage of the Bible as well as the reference." He also asks us to print the passage referred to, verses 23-27 in the 107th Psalm. Why does the reader ask this for the benefit of Western readers particularly? Is the Bible rare in the West? Or is the Western reader unable to locate the Psalms?

THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of the province there is no newspaper claiming to be independent in its political opinions can claim to rank with TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.—Port Arthur News.

QUITE a flutter has been caused in Chatham by notice being sent by the collector of customs to twenty ladies to come forward and pay duty on goods they had purchased across the border and smuggled into Canada. The ladies hastily complied and a number who had not received notice waited on the collector, admitted smuggling, and paid duties. It is announced that after date no such leniency will be shown but that the offenders will be prosecuted.

PROF. ADAM SHORTT, of Queen's University, Kingston, has declined the principalship of the new university of Saskatchewan, at Regina.

SEVERAL years ago quite a sensation was caused in the press by the story of a haunted schoolhouse near Durham, in Grey County. Many Toronto people visited the place and their hair "er" at the ghostly sounds heard. The whitewashed logs of the old school are now used as ties on the new C. P. R. line near Walkerton, and the story goes that the school teacher, having gifts as a ventriloquist and desiring that a new school should replace the old, worked on the superstitions of the neighborhood. Sure enough, the old school came down and a nice new one was built.

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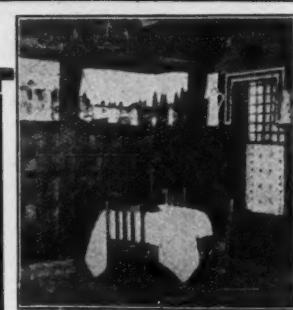
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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Cobourg Harbor Breakwaters," will be received at this office until 4:30 P.M. on Monday, June 29, 1908, for the construction of two breakwaters at Cobourg, Northumberland County, Ontario, according to plans and specification to be seen at the office of H. J. Lamb, Esq., Resident Engineer, London, Ont.; J. G. Sing, Esq., Resident Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, on application to the Postmaster at Cobourg, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of thirteen thousand dollars (\$13,000.00) must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
FRED. GELINAS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, May 28, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, JUNE 18.

THE condition of affairs in the Banque St. Jean could hardly be worse, and when I likened it to that of the Ville Marie Bank, of which there was little left more than the vault and the shutters, I made no mistake. The liquidator's statement shows that this banking institution, with a paid-up capital of a little more than \$300,000, has worthless paper on hand to the extent of upward of a half million, doubtful paper \$25,000, while the good can only be reckoned at \$181,000. This gives some idea of the fearful mess into which the bank has been driven by Hon. P. H. Roy and others interested. The fact that Roy's bail bond amounts to \$95,000 gives some idea of his responsibility in the matter. Just where the Speaker of the Quebec House sunk all this money is not as yet clear. That he has no great amount himself at the present moment is also evident. It appears that besides being president of the St. Jean Bank he was also its general manager and general factotum. He ran the entire institution; and how badly he did it is now evident. The charges against those connected with the bank include issuing false returns to the Government and conspiracy to defraud, and the trial which will come up shortly is bound to be an interesting one.

It took very much as if Mr. J. H. Plummer had his back to the wall in reference to a settlement of the existing difficulty between the Dominion Iron and Steel and Dominion Coal Companies. So far as can be learned, it seems that the Bank of Montreal and the Bank of Commerce have been endeavoring, through their chief officials, Messrs. E. S. Clouston and Mr. B. E. Walker, to bring about an adjustment. These proposals of settlement let the Coal Company out at a figure greatly below what the Steel Company contends itself entitled to, and what the courts have given them up to the present time. This Mr. Plummer on behalf of the Steel Company will not accept, and there it stands. Of course, these two banks are in a position to enforce their ideas if they so desire. They hold the purse strings and that counts for a lot just at the present moment.

No one was surprised and everyone was pleased when the announcement was made a few days ago that Mr. Robert Meighen had been elected a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to succeed the late Sir Robert Reid. Such a jovial, whole-souled man, straightforward and upright, no one begrudges the good things that fall the way of Mr. Meighen. That he should be a C.P.R. director is all fit and proper too, for he is not only heavily interested in the railway itself, but in many branches of trade and commerce that are first and second cousins, if not brothers and sisters, of the great railway corporation itself. One thing can be said with certainty: and that is that Mr. Meighen, while proud of the honor, did not seek the position. It came to him. He did not go to it.

The name of Mr. Charles M. Hays is mentioned for the vacancy of the Bank of Montreal directorate, also made by the death of Sir Robert Reid. Just whether Mr. Hays desires this honor, or as a matter of fact it has been offered him, remains to be seen. Mr. Hays keeps his own counsel pretty well, and as news purveyors, oysters are talking machines compared with the officials of the aforesaid bank. It is said that once upon a time Mr. Hays refused a knighthood. If he did, this puts him in the class with Edward Blake, and whether he did or not will probably make an interesting story some day.

The Drummonds, Messrs. T. J. and George, are resolved upon the consolidation of their many corporations. The new merger will, it is said, be helped along with some English capital. The corporations which will be taken in are many, and are located in different portions of Eastern Canada. For instance, at Annapolis, N.S., Bathurst, N.B., and Mayo, Ont., they have iron mines; at Three Rivers, P.Q., and Londonderry, N.S., they have pipe and car wheel works; at Midland and Radnor Forges they have furnaces, and so it goes. The intention is to consolidate all these under one head. Both of the Drummonds have a large acquaintance in Great Britain, and this among men of not only prominence but means as well. Thus they should be able to form up an organization which would be really worth while.

Once in so often something occurs in the financial world that tends to throw distrust on stock market transactions. I have in mind the recent decision of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company to pass its quarterly dividend.

That this inability, or disinclination—call it what you like—of the company to pay its quarterly dividend, was known to outsiders, there can be but little doubt. For instance, a certain gentleman in Halifax has for weeks been a free short seller of "Scotia." What his inside information was and where it came from I am unable to say, but that he did have it and gambled well with the stock in consequence is a matter known to a good many people. Days before the board of directors met in Montreal and formally passed the dividend, he was aware that their actions would be and discounted it on the stock exchange by selling the stock freely. The officers and directors of Scotia have the reputation of being business men and paying no attention to stock markets. This is well; but it would also be well if they took some pains to keep their intentions to themselves until such time as they are prepared to give out a public statement. I do not question the business policy of passing the dividend—probably it would have been better had they cut the dividend in two months ago. At the same time it would be interesting to know how the intentions of the directors leaked out in advance.

TORONTO, JUNE 18.

A CHANGE for the better, in sentiment at least, has taken place in local money circles. This more hopeful feeling is the result of bright crop prospects. Should present agricultural conditions be maintained until harvest time, confidence will gradually be restored, and an active trade may be anticipated before the end of the summer. The opening of the new Toronto-Sudbury rail-

way this week, which virtually places Toronto on the direct line of the C.P.R., is of the greatest importance to this city. A great many travellers will be induced to visit Toronto en route from the East to the West who otherwise would have gone straight through. The cost of this branch to Sudbury has been over \$40,000 a mile, and it is one of the best portions of the great C.P.R. system. The first freight train, composed of 55 cars, pulled out at the beginning of the week, laden with agricultural implements for the Far West. The shipment of such a large quantity of goods at this time by the Massey-Harris people justifies the confidence this firm has in the present outlook in that portion of the country.

A national undertaking, which would greatly benefit Canada, was the official intimation about a week ago, that the Canadian Government will procure estimates of the cost of deepening the Welland canal to a draught of twenty-five feet, and also of the cost of an entirely new canal, which might be more desirable and cheaper, as it could be made with a reduced number of locks. The cost was expected to range from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000. The transportation interests of this country, which are of greatest importance in its development, are, we are happy to say, receiving some recognition. In respect to the appreciation of the value of cheap water transportation, Canada is to-day far ahead of her neighbor across the 49th parallel. Both water and rail routes are encouraged by our Government. With a free and judicious expenditure of money in this direction, we will hold and increase our trade with the West. Only the other day the news was published that several large trans-Atlantic freight steamers had been withdrawn from business at New York because United States grain from the West was being shipped through Canada and out of Canadian ports on account of the lower rates imposed by our railways.

In consequence of recent developments in connection with the failure and arrest of officials of the Banque de St. Jean, in the province of Quebec, there are rumors that the Government will make more stringent regulations as to the inspection of banks in the Dominion. Hon. W. S. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, is said to be taking considerable interest in the matter, and his visit to Montreal this week was to consult leading bankers there as to amendments to the Banking Act. Since the failure of the Ontario Bank in 1906 a number of our banks have provided for an independent audit, the Bankers' Association as a whole being averse to Government inspection. However, there is a feeling among shareholders that a Government audit would give a greater measure of safety, and since the Government are willing to allow banks greater privileges as to note circulation in times of stringency, when the crops are being moved in the autumn months, it is believed by many that the Government audit will be adopted in the revision of the bank charters.

Bucket shop transactions have been ventilated before the courts this week, and much of the evidence was of a character that was very shady indeed. To evade the Canadian law against bucket-shopping, offices are opened in cities across the border, and the onus is placed upon them. One witness in the case referred to said that the so-called deals and trades put through while he was connected with the office were fictitious. There was no buying or selling of the actual stuff; merely a matter of bookkeeping. These institutions have been altogether too numerous in Toronto, and it would not be a bad thing if the city was rid of them all. Traders in the bucket shop no doubt get good execution on the market, and have little or no interest to pay on the supposed holdings of stocks. On the other hand, failures are quite frequent. In a bull market, for instance, when a trader here thinks he is making money by the rise in any stock which he bought in the shop, the United States end of the game "lies down." No money was forthcoming; not even the margin that had been put up. In this way, Canadians have been stuck for thousands, and there is apparently no redress. After a time, it may be, when the Wall Street market settles down, the same people open up again, and in most cases under different names. They perhaps lost a little money while the luck was with the client, but it was not their policy to pay out the large amounts of money taken from the clients when the market was on the downward swing. People who deal with bucket shops take a double chance—that of guessing wrong and the other of not getting their profits when the market is favorable to them.

Maurice Low, discussing the new arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain sees in it a great gain for Canada. "Although the treaty leaves matters much as they were before, it has given Canada and the other self-governing Dominions a definite status which they never before enjoyed. The treaty specifically provides that in any matter affecting a self-governing Dominion the British Government reserves the right, before concluding an agreement, first to obtain the concurrence of that Dominion. Heretofore, when questions arose between the United States and Canada, the British Government consulted Canada and deferred to her wishes up to a certain point, but when Canada declined to acquiesce in the course proposed to be pursued, Great Britain, for larger motives of policy, or to avoid friction with the United States, ignored Canada and concluded arrangements or treaties despite the opposition of the Dominion. Canada will now have the deciding word.

The volume of stock business on the Toronto Exchange continues larger than during the corresponding period of last year. This, however, is not saying very much. The remark is often heard: "How do these fellows live?" Still, they do, and many seem to flourish even better than many others in different walks of life. There are about 35 members of the Exchange, and a bid of \$15,000 was made the other day for a seat. The commission charged in the transaction of business is large, it being 1/4 each way, or double the commission charged by members of the New York Stock Exchange. The annual meeting of the Ex-

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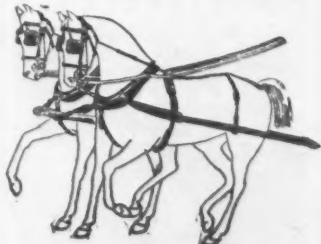
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Mrs. Nexdore (proudly)—Professor Fort called at our house to-day, and my daughter played the piano for him. He just raved over her playing. Mrs. Pepprey—How rude! Why couldn't he conceal his feelings the way the rest of us do? Philadelphia Press.

"Smoking may not hurt some people," said Mrs. Lapsling, "but it isn't good for a nervous man like my husband. You know it's the Nicodemus in tobacco that makes it so injurious."—Chicago Tribune.

Small Elsie—Grandma, is your teeth good? Grandma—No, dear; I haven't any. Small Elsie—Then I'll let you hold my candy till I come back.—Ex.

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Late of the New Tilt House, Buffalo, and
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change was held on Tuesday, and the report presented, which of course is private, was said to be most satisfac-
tory. The election of officers resulted as follows: Presi-
dent, J. O. Buchanan; vice-president, W. H. Brouse;
secretary, F. Gordon Osler; treasurer, W. Murray Alex-
ander; committee, E. B. Freeland, H. R. O'Hara and S.
Temple Blackwood; auditors, J. K. Niven and Geo. W.
Blakie.

The whole world is buying less merchandise and saving
up more capital; meantime the demand on
international banking facilities is enormously
reduced. A year ago a London expert, ex-
amining into the question of the world-wide
financial stringency, laid responsibility partly on the enor-
mous expansion in over-sea trade of the nations. Taking
1906, he found that as compared with the year before—
itself an active period—Great Britain's exports had been
enlarged by 14 per cent. and its imports by 7½ per cent.;
that Germany's total foreign trade had expanded 10 per
cent., America's by 12 per cent., Italy's by 16 per cent.,
Russia's by 10 per cent., and so on. Later on, the com-
parison might have been carried further, for exports and
imports of England and of the United States, in the ten
months up to last November, increased 10 per cent. fur-
ther. It was pointed out, in the inquiry referred to, that
with this violent expansion of commerce, prices rose, de-
mand for credits by shippers increased, and the discount-
ing of bills on international exchange was enormously
enhanced.

Curtailment of this commerce was the shortest road
to relaxation of the strain on capital. The report on Eng-
land's foreign trade for May shows decrease of no less
than \$71,000,000, or 13 per cent. United States May fig-
ures are not yet published, but in April, exports and im-
ports combined decreased \$67,000,000, or actually 23 per
cent. For the year to date, England's commerce has
shortened its 1907 record by 9 per cent., United States
by 14.

One of the trade reminiscences in Chicago has been re-
called by the June crop report. A corner in
wheat was attempted on the eve of a bumper
harvest in 1898. The Leiter wheat deal
reached its end almost exactly ten years ago.

On June 13, 1898, he found himself unable to respond to
margin calls, and threw up his trades. Leiter's losses in
wheat are given by the best authorities as \$9,500,000. There
have been many figures made on the losses, but these come
from those who know, and who have not heretofore talked
about them. There is another bit of gossip that also
comes from good sources. The losses were just 50 per
cent. of the elder Leiter's fortune, and were never fully
regained, because heavy expenses of his family prevented
his recouping. It has been the talk among well-informed
people in Washington that the living expenses of the
Leiters prior to the marriage of the three daughters were
over \$400,000 a year, and that dowries felt the after-effect
of the collapse of the Chicago corner.

International bankers are watching the successful efforts
of the Bank of France to attract gold that
might go to Berlin. They realize that the
imminence of a \$100,000,000 Russian loan
would explain the French greed for gold,
but this does not quite explain the tardi-
ness of the Reichbank in building up its resources in view
of its high discount rate. The whole situation is interesting
though, in the absence of stringency not exciting. In dis-
cussing this subject the London Statist observes: Here
in England it is a kind of superstition that a high bank
rate sooner or later attracts gold. The bank rate in Ger-
many has been high for over two years now, and gold has
not been attracted. The explanation, of course, is that
Germany is indebted to other countries. Our bank rate
attracts gold when the balance of indebtedness is in favor
of this country. Just now the balance of indebtedness is
against Germany, and a high bank rate therefore does
not attract gold. Ultimately, no doubt, the matter will
correct itself. Trade will decline and Germany will re-
pay its debts to foreign countries, and the Imperial Bank
will get the gold that it needs. But all this will be a slow
operation, and the best opinion just now seems to be that
the rate will be maintained during the summer at 4½ per
cent. It is curious, too, that money is not being attracted
to Germany in larger amounts from France and England.
Of course, the French banks are employing a good deal
of money in Germany, and our own banks are employing
some. But the amount employed is nothing like as large
as might have been anticipated under the circumstances,
when the rates of interest and discount are so much
higher in Germany than they are either in France or
England.

The New Colonial Secretary.

LORD CREWE follows a distinguished line in his new
office, (says The Canadian Gazette, of London) Mr.
Chamberlain being *facile princeps* in that line. Next
after Mr. Chamberlain came Mr. Lyttelton, whose fame
as a cricketer remains. Lord Elgin was the choice of Sir
Henry Campbell-Bannerman upon the fall of the Balfour
Ministry. He was a Montreuil by birth, and presumably
had an interest in Colonial affairs. After two years at
the Colonial Office he leaves it with a pleasant memory
of his good intentions and general kindness of disposi-
tion. To Lord Elgin succeeds Lord Crewe. He is the
first Earl, for his Earldom was created so recently as
1895. Similarly his father was the first Baron Houghton,
a well-known writer. Lord Crewe himself has been
something of a litterateur. He has made a place for him-
self as a collector of autograph letters, and his library at
Crewe Hall consists of some 32,000 volumes. Moreover,
a few years ago he published a volume of "Stray Verses,"
which brought him into some literary notoriety, not to
speak of numerous articles in the reviews on literary and
political subjects. With a love of letters he combines a
love of sport. He is a good huntsman, a fine shot, and a
member of the Jockey Club. He owns about 25,000 acres,
including valuable mineral lands in Yorkshire and Staf-
fordshire; and did he not nine years ago marry Lady
Margaret Primrose, the youngest daughter of the Earl of
Rosebery? It goes without saying that a man so possessed
and so married holds a distinguished place in English
social life. To him fell the opportunity, as a social leader
in the Liberal camp, of entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Laurier
at Crewe Hall, on their visit to England in 1897. He was
Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, has been Lord-Lieu-
tenant of Ireland, as well as Lord President of the Council,
and has now been rewarded by promotion to the Col-
onial Secretaryship. In the House of Lords a fortnight
ago Lord Crewe made his first Parliamentary speech as
Colonial Secretary, and the subject he had to deal with
was Preference and the Franco-Canadian treaty. It was
inevitable that the noble lord should not, so soon after
his assumption of office, show an intimate acquaintance
with his subject. He not unnaturally got somewhat en-
tangled in the intricacies of the Canadian tripartite



tariff, and in regard to the Franco-Canadian negotiations
he had obviously been kept in ignorance of the most im-
portant parts of the correspondence that passed between
Sir Edward Grey and Canadian Ministers when the
latter were in London and Paris last year. However,
Lord Crewe is an experienced administrator and a most
engaging personality, and he will assuredly uphold the
dignity of the Colonial Secretaryship.

Organizer of the Olympic Games.

LORD DESBOROUGH, the chairman of the commit-
tee which has been organizing the Olympic games
at Shepherd's Bush, London, is certainly the most re-
presentative sportsman in England, says London M. A.
P., and the task of arranging the games could not have
been placed in better hands. This Admirable Crichton
of sport ascended the Matterhorn after a single week's
experience in mountaineering; he has dangled over a
precipice with a thousand feet drop beneath him; was
almost drowned in sculling across the English Channel
in an outrigger; has been nearly trampled to death by
elephants, and all but eaten by tigers; has shot grizzlies
and caught tarpon at the record rate of a hundred in a
week; and has induced many followers of the gentle art
of Izaak Walton to combine in an attempt to have the
Thames stocked with trout.

M. A. P. says that among Lord Desborough's daring
exploits was the swimming of the Niagara River above
the Falls. A few days after the event his lordship met
some English friends who doubted any man's ability to
perform the feat which the newspapers reported that
Lord Desborough had accomplished. The champion
promptly returned to the Falls, plunged in, and swam
across again. Another of his distinctions is that he is
the only British Member of Parliament who has rowed
in the Henley regatta.

As a war correspondent in the Suakim campaign,
Lord Desborough had several narrow escapes from death.
On one occasion he was pursued by a horde of Dervishes
mounted on fleet Arabs, while the intrepid Englishman,
whose horse had been shot under him, dashed along on
foot, with his pursuers less than a hundred yards in the
rear. A run of half a mile brought him within sight of
the British camp and safety, and the enemy gave up the
chase. Lord Desborough's sprinting powers, extraordi-
nary as they are, were put to the severest test, and he
has said that he doesn't want a similar experience again.

Perhaps his closest call was in the Rockies, when on
a big game shooting expedition. He became separated
from his friends, and wandered about for three days
without food and without ammunition. He was almost at
his last gasp when discovered by a party of searchers.
Taplow Court, his lordship's riverside residence, was
the scene of the great burglary in which Lady Des-
borough lost £15,000 worth of jewelry, not a single piece
of which has ever been recovered.

Democratic Royalty.

A SHORT time ago in one of the public gardens in
Vienna a seamstress found herself sitting beside a
quiet, plainly dressed woman who was sewing. They got
into a conversation on domestic matters, telling each
other how they made their own dresses and those of their
children also.

"I like to occupy myself with that kind of work," said
the seamstress.

"So do I," observed the other; "it is a great pleasure."
Then as confidences were in order the seamstress
continued:

"My husband is a good man."

"So is mine," responded the other woman.
"Mine works at the railway station, as his father did
before him," the working woman prattled on. "My own
father was a wood carver; what is yours?"

There was a brief silence, and then very simply the
woman to whom the question was put answered: "My
father is Francis Joseph."

She was in fact the Emperor of Austria's daughter,
the Archduchess Gisela, wife of the Regent of Bavaria,
who is famous as the most democratic and simple-minded
of European royalties.

Alterations at No. 10 Downing Street.

THE work of preparing No. 10 Downing street, the
official residence of the British Prime Minister, for
its new occupant are now complete.

Although "No. 10" is furnished from basement to
garret by the Crown, some of the rooms are decidedly
shabby in appearance. Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, how-
ever, will transfer many of their household goods in the
way of pictures, books and curios from Cavendish Square
to Downing street, says The London Daily Mail.

The State dining room—Pitt's dining room, as it is
called—is one of the apartments to be left untouched.
It has interesting associations for the wife of the new
Prime Minister. In the days when Mr. Gladstone was
the occupant of "No. 10" there used to gather in this
room the nucleus of that select circle of intellectuals,
"The Souls" who were proud to include Mrs. Asquith
among their number.

The Cabinet room, furnished in mahogany and green
leather, will also remain as it is. In the second drawing-
room, however—a favorite room with Miss Balfour dur-
ing her brother's tenure of office—Mrs. Asquith will have
an opportunity of exercising her taste in decoration.

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Under the laws of the Province of Ontario this Corporation is a legal
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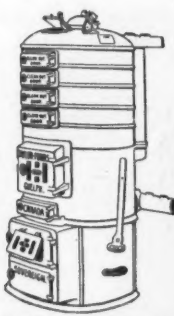
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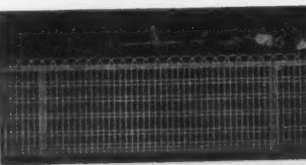
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Taft's Canadian Lieutenant

Former Ontario Man Who is a Close Political Associate of "Big Bill."

AMONG the Canadians who are making a name for themselves in the United States is the Hon. Duncan E. McKinlay, member of the House of Representatives for the second district of California. Born and brought up in the neighborhood of Orillia, Ont., Mr. McKinlay, who is still a few years on the right side of fifty, left Ontario twenty-five years ago for the Pacific coast, where he has won both fame and fortune. A Republican in politics, he is a warm friend and ardent admirer of Taft, and has been one of the Secretary's chief lieutenants in his fight for the Presidential nomination. An eloquent speaker and effective stumpster, Mr. McKinlay is likely to be more prominent in his party, and much more widely known at the close of the Presidential campaign, in which he is booked to tour in the East as well as in his own state.

Mr. McKinlay recently visited his home town, to fulfil an engagement, made some time ago, but broken through illness, to address the Orillia Canadian Club on the subject of the Panama Canal, which he visited some time ago in an official capacity. He told a wonderful story of the marvellous progress made by the Americans in prosecuting that great work, which, he predicted, would for the first twenty-five years after its completion, at least, be of greater benefit to Canada than to the United States—that is, from the commercial rather than the military standpoint. Perhaps the most impressive part of his narration was the success with which the Americans had grappled with the problem of reducing the awful death rate on the Isthmus, which previously was the main stumbling block to the construction of the canal. There has not been a death from yellow fever on the canal zone since June, 1906. Unfortunately Mr. McKinlay himself did not escape the deadly mosquito, which inoculated him with the Chagres fever, which takes its name from the river and district on the western side of the Isthmus.



Hon. D. E. McKinlay.

While in Orillia Mr. McKinlay also delivered an address on the Philippines. Here, too, he has had exceptional opportunities for gathering his information at first hand, having been one of the party which accompanied Miss Roosevelt and Mr. Taft on their visit to the new American possessions.

One of the humorous stories he told of that trip is worth repeating. It appears that, notwithstanding the supposed democratic principles of United States politicians, there was considerable trouble as to questions of precedence during the tour of the islands. "Big" Senators must precede "little" Senators, and members of the House of Representatives also had ideas of their own as to the order they should take. The women of the party were still greater sticklers for their "rights" in such matters. While crossing a lake on one of the islands in open launches, the party were overtaken by a tropical thunderstorm, during which it became as dark as night. There was only one solitary candle lantern amongst the three boats, which served as a beacon to keep them together. In endeavoring to get to a spot which might afford some slight shelter from the fury of the storm, Mr. McKinlay's particular "chum" fell headlong through the open hatchway into the hold of the little craft, where he lay groaning and sadly bruised in a pool of dirty water on top of the coal. Mr. McKinlay seized the solitary light to extricate his friend and find what harm had been done. Immediately a Senator's wife, who had been a great stickler for precedence, set up loud and hysterical protests against the removal of the lantern. The fallen man, though badly shaken up, had not lost his sense of humor. "What's the matter with that blamed woman anyway?" was his first remark to his rescuer. "Is she mad because I didn't let her husband fall down here ahead of me?"

France's Plain, Safe President.

ARMAND FALLIERES, President of the French Republic, is a robust and large bodied old gentleman of sixty-six. He is from the Midi, the south that provides France with office-holders as inevitably as Ireland provides New York with policemen. Like all men from the south (says the Paris Daily Mail) he possesses the gift of oratory, but combines with it a love for brevity, in fact it is said that the longest speech he ever made only occupied half a column of a newspaper and that since he has become President he seldom needs more than twenty lines.

When M. Fallieres took over the Elysee Palace after his election his first act was to reduce the military and naval staff attached to the Presidency. The fifteen or twenty officers of high rank on M. Loubet's personal staff were cut down to three, the highest in rank being a colonel. Fourteen officials attached to the protocol or etiquette department were dismissed.

"It is out of place for the chief magistrate of a democratic republic to be surrounded with so much ceremony," was the new chief of state's remark.

Madame Fallieres ran her side of the official residence on the same lines. An army of cooks, scullions, chambermaids and valets, had to go, and Mariette, the family cook, who has been in the Fallieres service from time immemorial, was installed in the Presidential kitchens.

These changes and others, such as not keeping up the state stables but hiring horses when they are needed for state occasions, are ascribed by Parisian satirical newspapers less to a dislike for ostentation than to a love of thrift.

Winter and summer M. Fallieres rises at 6 and immediately takes a cold shower bath. Then, weather permitting, he starts off for his morning constitutional walk, never less than five miles. He begins with a four mile an hour gait, which dwindles down to a stroll if, as is usually the case, the walk finishes along the quays of the Seine, for he is a great book lover and cannot pass the old book stalls along the embankment.

Luncheon is always a frugal meal, washed down with a mild claret, the product of the Loupillon vines, M. Fallieres' native place. He dines promptly at 7, and if there is nothing to prevent him doing so spends his evening quietly in the family circle, retiring to bed at 10.30. He rarely goes to the theatre or the opera except when obliged to do so on state occasions.

A man of simple tastes and straightforward character, M. Fallieres was elected to the Presidency first of

all on account of his personal merit and moderate views, and second, because the French Republican leaders have laid down as an axiom that the President should never be what is commonly called a man of action who might be inclined to interfere with the decisions of his Ministers and even at times try to lead them. They selected Armand Fallieres in opposition to Paul Doumer because they knew he was a safe man who would confine himself strictly to his constitutional prerogatives, whereas M. Doumer was tainted with a suspicion of self-assertiveness.

A Canadian Retrospect.

M. J. CORBIN WELD, the Governor, who presided at the recent annual general meeting of the Canada Company, in London, gave a very interesting retrospect in regard to the condition of the country at the present time as compared with what existed some fifty or sixty years ago. Canada at that time was, he said, divided into Upper and Lower Canada, and it was somewhere in the sixties that an amalgamation of the two provinces of Ontario and Quebec was brought about with the inclusion of other remote individual communities. The vast territories, which extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and which in the past were the haunt of Indians and the special trapping grounds for the skins which were sold to the Hudson's Bay Company, had now developed into the feeding lands of the world. In those days Ontario, like the rest of Canada, was very wild, and where once existed "the tomahawk, the scalp, and the poisoned arrow," there were now vast fertile plains and great development of agriculture.

It will be interesting to Canadians to know the condition of this historic company at the present day. The company had when it originally started an area of some two and a half million acres of land, but that territory has year after year been reduced, and they now have 54,798 acres of land under lease with the option of purchase, 52,922 acres which were let to tenants without right of purchase, and 62,534 acres yet to be dealt with, making a total of 170,254 acres. The sum of £161,733 was set down at a price of \$13.56 per acre, being an increase over the of purchase, and in addition to that they have the income from other lands. The sales of land in 1907 showed that the general result was that 6,252 acres were disposed of at a price of \$13.56 per acre, being an increase over the last valuation in 1894 of \$276 per acre, or equal to 25 1/2 per cent. on the whole year's transactions. These figures, the Governor felt, ought to give great satisfaction to the proprietors. They compared with an increase of 20 per cent. in 1906 and 16 1/2 per cent. in 1905. They proved that they still possessed a valuable property. Since the close of 1907 the company had received the figures from January 1 to March 11 of the current year, which showed that the land leased with the right of purchase was 1,027 acres, against 1,682 acres in 1907. The leased land converted to freehold was 1,703 acres, against 2,224 acres, and the land sold for cash 40 perches against 1 1/2 acre. The receipts, including appropriations, were \$44,227, against \$57,984. In regard to minerals the royalties and bounties were larger, but the prospecting fees were considerably less. On the 23rd of April they reached the 80th anniversary of the felling of the first tree in the clearing of the company's estate, which took place on St. George's Day, 1828.

Getting at the Real Man.

PROFESSOR WYCKOFF, who died the other day, undertook with great sincerity to comprehend the completely unfurnished man—the one without resources either of money or connections, set down in the world with only his bodily strength to go upon. For eighteen months he tramped across the continent, earning his bread by what manual labor he could find, or else hungering.

It was an interesting experiment, and his book, "The Workers," contains many interesting facts; but, of course, he was not really any more a tramp than as though he had sat in his study the while reading sociological tracts. All the resources of the completely furnished man were every instant at his command. He had only to step into a telegraph office and summon them. The fact that he chose not to do it could not change the immense, basic difference between himself and the real tramp.

To understand any person whose conditions are decidedly different is an art infinitely more rare than either journalism or fiction gives it credit for being. Your young lady novelist will give you, without hesitation, a gentlemanly tenth-century viking or a noble twelfth-century thief by land, but if she devoted her life to it, she couldn't really understand the Dutch woman, living a mile away, who brings vegetables to the back door.

A recent book on labor, written after much investigation, which was not only sympathetic but quite devotionally earnest, remarks, with surprise, that many workmen, though unblest by college educations, can grasp economic problems, and that, though entirely innocent of anything like etiquette, they are really courteous to the guests in their homes.

If anybody can truly understand a man differently circumstanced, he is a genius, and geniuses, we all know, are the rare exceptions.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Overworked Tragic Muse.

IN an Indiana farmhouse the lair of a murderer by wholesale was discovered. News of the discovery shocked the country. The following Sunday, which was fair, some fifteen thousand people repaired to the scene. Neighborhood parties brought picnic dinners, poked in the excavations whence bodies had been recovered, peered through a crack at the bones, and disported sociably on the sward. There was a brisk demand for picture postcards, those with the most gruesome subjects finding readiest sale. Peanut and toy balloon vendors plied their trade prosperously, as at a county fair. Some force was necessary to prevent the pleasure-seekers from carrying away the *corpora delicti* piecemeal; but notwithstanding that disappointment the day seems to have been thoroughly enjoyed by all.

This mortuary diversion has evoked a good deal of ill-natured comment; but we really do not see (says The Post, Philadelphia) why people should not amuse themselves according to their tastes. The number who are able to exercise their emotions of pity and terror by a perusal of Hamlet and Macbeth are really very small. Others have the emotions and the instinct to use them. Such resources as the city morgue and the funerals of entire strangers are rather crude; but the determination, possessed by many estimable elderly ladies, to have a look at the corpse, has the same root, probably, as Lear's wish, "To take upon us the mystery of things."

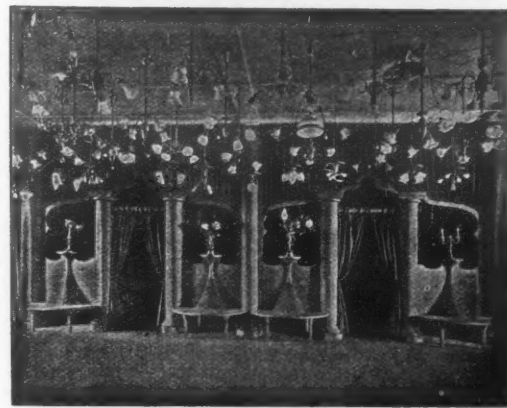
With great sagacity certain yellow and widely-circulated newspapers scarcely ever let a Sunday edition go by without some elaborate offering of charnel-house news. Dickens, generally most humane, killed off several promising children merely to treat his readers to a fine, harrowing death-bed scene.

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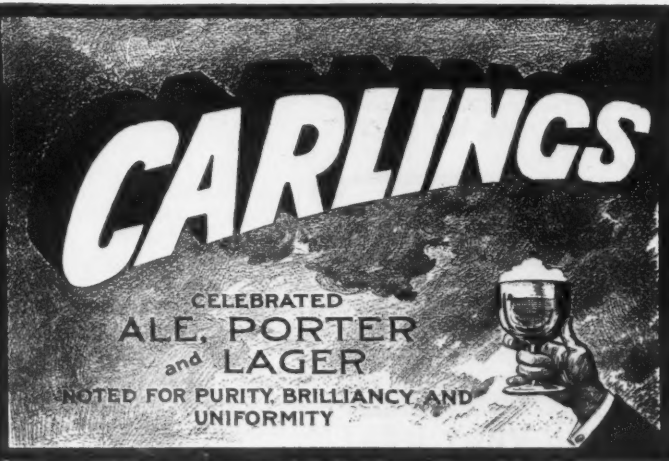
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE great summer function at 'Varsity, the commencement exercises and conferring of degrees in the splendid new Convocation Hall, and the social aftermath in the form of a garden party in the quadrangle, came off with much *eclat* last Friday afternoon. The day was perfectly lovely, and just warm and sunny enough to show the full beauty of the June green and the melting grey of the walls encircling the grassy "quad." Instead of straying in as they pleased by the iron wicket on the north side, the guests were directed through the small gateway in the leafy screen erected behind the Ben Greet stage, and thence passed to the arch leading by the cloisters to the quad. The President of 'Varsity, Dr. Falconer, and Principal Hutton stood near the arch, and a little nearer was the Provost of Trinity, Rev. T. C. Street Macklem, all in cap, hood and gown, and with a hearty handshake and welcome for each guest. This little formality was very well arranged, and after going through with it, the guests passed through the arch and found Mrs. Falconer and Mrs. Hutton receiving at the foot of the steps leading down to the gay scene. Mrs. McLellan, Professor McLellan and his two sisters were at the north steps, and there were sundry excellent cups of tea finding their way from the cosy professional den upstairs, to the special little coterie who gathered to pay their respects to the mother of the popular Professor, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. Ben Greet, among others. On the lawn were the usual smart people who grace this annual event, and a very pretty lot of girl graduates in caps and gowns, and bearing sheaves of flowers. Chancellor Sir Charles Moss and Lady Moss were among the guests. The band of the 48th Highlanders played under Mr. Slatter, and the arrangements for refreshments for the large company were very well carried out, the roomy marquee being pitched on the east half of the lawn, and every appointment and dainty being carefully looked after and served. In fact, many remarks were made on the improvement in that respect on former years. It was one of the best garden parties seen at 'Varsity in many a year.

Count and Countess Rochereau de la Sabliere and their children sail for France on the Allan liner Parisian on June 27. The Parisian now takes the Havre-London route.

Toronto friends have received invitations to the marriage of Mr. John Jennings Creelman, only son of Mr. A. R. Creelman, of Montreal, and Miss Katherine Melanie Weeks, of Galveston, Texas, which interesting event takes place in Trinity Episcopal church, Galveston, on June 24, at five o'clock. There will be a reception after the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents, and the future home of the young people will be in Montreal, where they will be at home after September 1.

Mrs. Henry Totten has returned to town, and is at the Queen's Hotel.

Mrs. and the Misses Cotton arrived this week en route to Niagara-on-the-Lake, where they are domiciled at the Queen's Royal.

The Governor-General's Body Guards tea is the function at the Niagara camp this afternoon, for which many modish dames and their escorts are crossing the lake. After much uncertainty a pretty large force is living under canvas on Niagara common, and the usual gay doings are on in the evenings at the Queen's Royal. The dancers are to have a very smart hop in the pavilion tonight.

Professor and Mrs. VanderSmisssen have rented their house furnished for the summer. Miss Edith VanderSmisssen will spend the summer in the Berkshire Hills.

Miss Elsie Thorold has been spending a week with her sister, Mrs. Mabey, and is returning shortly to Montreal.

The marriage of Miss May McLaughlin Blong to Mr. Alfred D. Morrow was celebrated on Tuesday at two p.m. at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Margaret Blong, Kensington avenue, Eglinton. The Rev. W. G. Black officiated. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Edward V. Blong, wore a semi-Empire robe of white marquisette over taffeta silk trimmed with lace and pearls, and carried a bouquet of lily of the valley and forget-me-nots. Miss Helen Harrington, who attended as bridesmaid, wore a semi-Empire blue silk gown trimmed with Liberty satin folds and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Alfred H. Cox was best man. The house was prettily decorated with palms and flowers. The bride's mother was in green chiffon silk with satin stripes trimmed with green and mauve. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Morrow left for New York, Atlantic City and other points. Going

away the bride wore a light striped gray travelling suit with a charlotte corday hat of white lace and chiffon trimmed with daisies. On their return they will reside in their new home at 91 Woodlawn avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. A. James Cockburn celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding at their home, 42 Delaware avenue, Toronto, on Wednesday, June 10. Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn were born and educated in Stormont county. They were married at Ogdensburg, N.Y. About thirty years ago they came to Toronto. Six sons and three daughters were born to them. There are sixteen grandchildren. This large and interesting family all reside in Toronto, and were present at the celebration. Luncheon was served at noon in a marquee on the lawn. In the evening the family were at home to their friends. The house was a bower of palms, roses and peonies, and the marquee was prettily decorated with flags and shields and lighted with electric lights. Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn were the recipients of many beautiful presents.

Miss Constance Morgan, daughter of Dr. Henry J. Morgan, Ottawa, who has been attending an art school in Edinburgh for the past twelve months, has now gone to Paris to continue her studies in that city under some of the best masters.

Mr. and Mrs. John Laidlaw have just returned from abroad.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Campbell, of Carbrook, gave her annual garden tea, in the shady grounds of the Campbell residence in the Queen's Park. Her sons and daughters assisted in looking after the guests, and Mrs. Graham Campbell, a charming daughter-in-law, lent her grace and winning manner to the same service. Tea was served on the lawn and the hostess received out of doors, a threatening day turning fine enough to make the afternoon quite enjoyable.

Dr. and Mrs. Brown, of the General Hospital, are sailing for England early in July from Montreal by the S.S. Montrose.

Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, of Clovelly, and their family have gone to their Muskoka Island, in Lake Joseph.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jarvis have gone South for a short vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Wolfred Boulton are visiting Mrs. Boulton, Cluny avenue, Rosedale.

Mr. and Mrs. Haas are at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The marriage of Mr. Robert Edwin Moody and Miss Yoda Browne was celebrated in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, which was prettily decorated with marguerites, on Wednesday at noon Rev. Charles Darling officiating. Mr. Charles Browne brought in his daughter and gave her away, and she was married in her travelling dress, of oyster white Rajah, and a hat wreathed with flowers. Her bouquet was of lily of the valley and orchids. Her sister, Miss Helen Browne, was maid of honor, and Miss Marguerite Benness was bridesmaid, both wearing Nile green hats and green mull frocks with lace yoke and sleeves, and carrying bouquets of daisies. Mr. John Vaughan was best man. Mr. Harry Carter, Mr. Gerald Muntz and Mr. Hamilton Browne were ushers. After the marriage Mrs. Browne gave a reception at 180 Queen's avenue, where many friends came with congratulations and good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Moody, who were the recipients of many handsome presents. Mr. Moody has been one of the most popular young men in his set, and his bride is also worthy of the high esteem she enjoys. They will make their home in Toronto. The groom presented the best man, bridesmaids and ushers with pearl souvenirs of the happy day.

The graduating class of the Training School for Nurses at Toronto General Hospital had a most enthusiastic and large crowd at their exercises on Wednesday afternoon, and Dr. Falconer, President of Toronto University, presented some of the medals and prizes. Lady Clark and Miss Mortimer Clark attended the function and afterwards appeared at the lawn tea, which was perfectly delightful, the grounds fully suggesting the thought of leafy June, with their grand old trees, and causing many a guest to regret the proposed change of location of the great hospital. The flocks of bright young nurses, with their light blue uniforms and smart lawn caps, the dandy young house doctors, in white duck suits and white shoes; the various members of the Hospital Board, the city physicians and their wives and daughters; the clever superintendent, Dr. Brown, and his equally clever helpmeet; the lady superintendent, Miss Sniveley, who is always so bright and capable and earnest in best efforts for the good of the hospital; clergymen and business men; pretty debutantes and dashing matrons, old ladies and gentlemen, a most interesting and happy party, was on the beautiful lawn at five o'clock. The reception in the Nurses' Home, at the west end of the huge hospital, preceded the outdoor function. At the latter the band of the Royal Grenadiers played most acceptably, lilting out the old song, "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye," as people were making their adieux to Dr. and Mrs. Brown and Miss Sniveley shortly after six o'clock. A big marquee, with tables decorated in pink and white, was reared on the west end of the lawn, and there were so many agile and clever young folks to wait upon the guests that one was fairly encompassed by ices, tea and dainty cakes and sandwiches. Here and there among the shrubs and trees groups of chairs were set, and the flower beds, glowing with scarlet geraniums, looked fine and flourishing. A few of the guests were the Government House party, Dr. and Mrs. Falconer, Mrs. and Miss Carlyle, Mrs. W. Davidson, Mrs. James George, Mrs. W. K. George, Mrs. Robertson, of Culloden; Dr. and Mrs. Rudolph, Mrs. Spencer, Dr. McMurphy, Miss Marjory McMurphy, Mrs. McMurphy, Mrs. Dugald McMurphy, Mr. and Mrs. Gunther, Dr. Richardson, Dr. and Mrs. McGillivray, Mr. Irving Cameron, Dr. O'Reilly, Dr. Parsons, Mrs. and Miss Mavor, Mrs. Roaf, Mrs. McPhedran, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Larkin, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Flavell, Mrs. Blewett, Mrs. Glasgow, Miss Harrison, Dr. Stowe Gullen, Miss Annie Lake, Mrs. Grant, Miss Curlette, Mrs. McIntyre and a great many others.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollway have taken a cottage at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Miss Florrie Heward went over to Niagara this week. Mrs. Edwards and Miss Violet Edwards are there for the summer. Mrs. Edward Jones, Mrs. Winn, Mr. Jones, and the Misses Geddes have sailed for England.

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THE CONSECRATION OF ARCHBISHOP McEVAY.
The Procession Leaving the Cathedral—The Archbishop is the Central Figure.

Conditions in Canada

As Set Forth in a Boston Speech
by a McGill Professor.

SPEAKING before the Intercolonial Club, of Boston, the other day, Dr. Andrew MacPhail, of McGill University, Montreal, indulged in some frank criticism of Canadian affairs. For the most part his hearers were men born in the Maritime Provinces, but now resident in Boston, and the speaker drew a rather discouraging picture of the progress in those provinces during the past twenty years. The increase in the population of the province of New Brunswick has only been 9,987 in the last twenty years. Nova Scotia, in the same period has only increased 19,002, while Prince Edward Island shows a decrease of 5,632. Aside from immigration, the natural increase of population in the Maritime Provinces should be 217,923 larger than it is to-day. The speaker stated that 97 per cent. of the people were native born, although the provinces by the sea pay their share of the \$800,000 spent annually by the Dominion on immigration. He attributes the stagnation to the fact that the Maritime Provinces suffer from the system of tariff protection to which both political parties in Canada seem now to be committed. "The people," he says, "are denied access to their natural markets, either of purchase or of sale. There was a time when we were properly called upon to suffer that restriction, but that time has passed."

No doubt it is true, as Dr. MacPhail says, that a great many young people from the Maritime Provinces have gone to the United States, but he might fairly have added that a great many from the rural sections have migrated to Manitoba and the West, in the past twenty years, for, next to Ontario, the Maritime Provinces have been foremost in contributing homesteaders to the wheat country.

In the speaker's opinion, protection had its nationalizing work to do at the time when Sir John Macdonald introduced it, and for some time after, but he believes that its work has been done, and that the people should no longer be saddled with heavy burdens for the benefit of the manufacturing classes. He quoted Mr. Hitchcock as saying that in the United States tariff the "Paper Trust wrote the paper schedule, the Lumber Trust wrote the lumber schedule, the Steel Trust wrote the steel schedule, and the other Trusts wrote the schedules affecting their interests." "The Canadian tariff," he said, "is made in the same way." And he considers Canada to be more firmly bound up in the grip of protection than any other country in the Anglo-Saxon world, for while the United States have higher duties, there are no federal bounties to manufacturers, and the several States bestow upon them no such largesse as is bestowed by Nova Scotia and Ontario, in the way of bonuses, free sites, loans, tax exemptions and fixed assessments. As an illustration of conditions, Dr. MacPhail stated that two years ago the Crown prosecutor, in one week

unearthed thirty-nine combines in Toronto alone. "After thirty years our infant industries are as far as ever from being weaned."

"Perhaps the most amazing part of my message from home," he said, "will be that living in Canada is, today, more expensive than in any other civilized country. In Toronto, Prof. Mavor has shown that the prices of commodities sold in the markets, advanced fifty per cent. between the years 1897 and 1902 and sixty-four per cent. between 1897 and 1906. In 1907 the increase over 1897 was sixty-seven per cent. Eggs advanced sixty-seven per cent., potatoes sixty-two per cent., mutton fifty-seven per cent., lard five per cent., butter twenty-four per cent., clothing twenty per cent., fuel twenty-four per cent. and rent twenty-five per cent. in ten years." Wages increased during the same period, but not relatively. He went on to say that Canada is bound to be an agricultural and pastoral community—we are capable of being a great agricultural country, but we are hampering the growth that should be easy and natural, and imposing on ourselves great burdens in the effort to be an industrial country, for which we are not fitted.

Dr. MacPhail's speech must have led his hearers to imagine that Canada is in a very dismal condition. With our tariff, our trusts and combines, bounties and subsidies, our importing of cotton that pampered mills may spin it, while our hides and pulp are shipped raw to foreign countries, our party system, also, is spoken of as having broken down, since both parties have become protectionist.

But one gleam of light penetrates the universal gloom. "We are making intellectual progress," said Dr. MacPhail, "perhaps the best proof of this is that we have ceased to talk about our literature. There is an attempt to unite our intellectual forces. The three universities, McGill, Toronto and Dalhousie, have banded themselves together to publish the University Magazine to express an educated and disinterested opinion on public affairs."

It is well that he mentioned this to the Bostonese. It shows that there is hope for Canada still. Dr. MacPhail knows how securely our hopes are founded, for he is editor of the magazine he mentions.

ART FORGERS OF FRANCE

IT is not only in New York that people are imposed upon with spurious works of art. Only recently criminal proceedings at Limoges, in France, disclosed the fact that there is a fully developed, well-organized industry of forgery and falsification upon the Continent. It has as many domains as there are categories of collections, for the forgers and falsifiers long ago became specialists, and they can serve you with any class of art that you may need.

Many of their tricks are highly ingenious. They will make two semi-original, genuine works of art out of one, for example. A piece of carved wood is sawed through, making two pieces, and in each of these the missing half is replaced by a careful reproduction of the original. An authentic but only poorly painted Sevres or Meissen cup may be richly

painted after a good pattern, exactly in the style required, and reburnt. A real but plain knight's armor is damasked with all the fineness of the craftsman, chased, gilded, and rendered "old" again. This necessitates cost and labor, but it pays; a thing, that, genuine, was worth 500 francs may, falsified, be disposed of at 5,000. There are suds and sauces and juices and varnishes that convert entirely new productions into art masterpieces of great age. Newly fabricated pieces are carried into "historical" country castles, whose owners lend themselves to the game, and the purchaser learns—for the proofs are convincing—that the rust-covered relic has been the property of an old noble family "for centuries."

The imitation of paintings by old masters was practised as a trade at a very early date. To reproduce the golden tone of old paintings a common yellow Dutch varnish or a fine sepia-colored varnish is employed; to fabricate the dirt coating which forms in the course of centuries licorice juice is made use of. By means of a pin the cracks are made, those famous "craquelures" so important to the connoisseur; sometimes the imitator produces them by covering the painting with a metal plate and striking the latter with a hammer. The former main industry, that of exploiting the very great names, has been abandoned long ago, for the forgers are well enough aware that to-day a Rembrandt, a Raphael, a Leonardo da Vinci would meet with suspicion from the start. At present the French artists of the eighteenth century are mostly imitated. In false Fragonards, Nattiers, Greuzes, great things are accomplished, since the swindlers are helped to a large extent by the fact that these painters worked with replicas themselves. One forger sold a picture of a prince twelve times.

Producing the picture is, however, only the first part of the business. There is the product to be disposed of. Years ago there was a painter in Paris named Abrier who turned out nice mythological scenes in his own name. In addition, it was rumored that he was the possessor of some old paintings. When a purchaser visited him in his studio there would be found among the mythological sketches, placed quite inconspicuously, a woman's portrait that exactly resembled a Greuze. "Why, there you have a Greuze," the customer says.

"Oh, I don't know," answers the artist, continuing at his painting. "Undoubtedly this is a Greuze; won't you sell it to me?"

Abrier shrugs his shoulders and half-laughingly asks a high price. "I knew I was right," the customer replies, apparently satisfied, pays what he had been asked, and carries his new art treasure home. And scarcely has he reached the street before Abrier hangs another "Greuze" on the vacant place between his mythological sketches.

Painting Greuze was his specialty, and he made much money by it, more than with Greek and Roman gods. At present, of course, such a thing could hardly be done. In our day the imitator paints, often not ever knowing what purpose he is serving, to order for an art dealer. A trick just now very much in favor with French art dealers of this category

is, after having a "Nattier," a "Fragonard," or a "Chardin" made to order, to smuggle it into an auction sale at the Hotel Drouot. At the sale two confederates of the dealer force the price up by outbidding each other. The picture is knocked down to one of them at a very large sum. The statement on this sale is sufficient; a picture that commanded so much must be genuine, and it is resold at an increased amount.

Here is another ingenious trick. A dealer ordered a Dutch inn scene. The picture was excellent, and the artist had painted the signature "Jan Steen, 1672," on it, as he had been instructed, after a fac-simile contained in a museum catalogue. But the dealer said: "The picture is so beautiful that you ought to put your own name to it." The signature "Jan Steen" was covered accordingly with the signature of the artist. As his work, the painting, was shipped to a well-posted New York dealer. At the same time the New York customs office received an anonymous letter conveying the information that upon a certain steamer a Jan Steen, worth 200,000 francs, was to be expected, but that a false name had been painted over the signature in order to avoid the duty. The customs officers examined the painting, and detected the signature Jan Steen under the covering. The picture thus became authentic, its authenticity being certified by the customs papers. The New York art dealer had to pay 20 per cent. duty and 50 per cent. fine, together 140,000 francs. And three days later he sold the Jan Steen for 250,000 francs.—Harper's Weekly.

Legal Terms.

(The French minister of justice has decided to eliminate obscure and technical language from legal documents for the understanding of ordinary citizens.)

IT may work pretty well, and may suit 'em in France, But don't ask us to join in the movement.

We demur to the motion here made to advance

And object to this modern improvement.

It is quite *ultra vires*. We honor the law.

To begof the lay mind its intent is. Trim its technical terms! Make it simple! Why, pshaw!

Those Frenchmen are *non compos mentis*.

Could we spare surrebuttal, *ex-parte*, *en banc*,

Latitat! Would reformers deny us,

Just to gain the applause of some vandal or crank.

Nolle pros or that *dear nisi prius?* Could we give up *his pendens* and

not feel a pang?

If its use they intend to restrict I Wouldn't be much surprised if they'd

not care a hang

About saving the *corpus delicti*.

If we made to the common and ignorant mind

Such a foolish, unheard-of concession

Many good paying clients would probably find

They'd no use for the legal profession,

All about their own cases quite likely they'd know

And might even be able to try 'em. We at least could not let *honorarium*

go

And we can not give up the *per diem*.

—Chicago News.

Something unusual in the way of encouragement of Canadian art has been done at Griffin's Auditorium and in Griffin's Theatrum in Yonge street. In the former the walls, instead of being decorated with glittering tinsel, as is usual in playhouses, carry eleven oil portraits and eighteen landscapes by W. A. Sherwood, the artist. The portraits include the premiers of the various provinces of Canada, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, while the landscapes include some of the most striking views to be seen across Canada, from Cape Blomidon to Mt. Baker. The effect is to make the place not only a playhouse, but a very interesting picture gallery as well. In one of the other houses, the Theatrum, Mr. Griffin has already put in place ten portraits by Mr. Sherwood of certain of the "Fathers of Confederation," among whom are Thos. D'Arcy McGee, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Macdonald, George Brown, Sir Hector Langevin, Peter Mitchell, Sir Leonard Tilley, Sir George Cartier, William McDougall and Lord Dufferin. These portraits and Canadian landscapes begin to excite much interest, and Mr. John G. Griffin and Mr. Michael Griffin, who control these continuous performance houses deserve credit for their enterprise in seeking to popularize art.

"The Village Blacksmith"

This Famous Painting will be on Exhibition All
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"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH"

By H. de Mareau, the Great French Artist.

THE size of the canvas is 7 x 8 feet, and it was painted in a blacksmith's shop in Lyons, France. The public did not see it for nearly a year afterward. Mareau was a very poor man, and at the time of his death was indebted to the blacksmith 100 francs for his services as a model and the use of his shop. The blacksmith, anxious to secure what was due to him, called upon the widow and informed her of the existence of the picture, and she at once endeavored to sell it. After showing it to a number of art dealers in Paris, she was offered \$2,500.00 for it by M. Doubette, and the offer was accepted. He entered the canvas at the Grand Salon, where it received a bronze medal and was resold for \$12,500.00. It has changed hands five times since, each time the price increasing. The present owner paid \$45,000.00 for the canvas.

You have now an opportunity to see
this marvelous work without charge. It
will be exhibited all this and next week
in a space especially reserved for it on
the Furniture Department floor.

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If one strolls up Fifth Ave., New York, they will see smart, petite Millinery shops at the lower end. Usually one hat is in the window, and of course 'tis "very smart." Ask, the price—\$50.00! My, my, that's an awful price!! "Not at all, madame; you pay for the *style*, not for the materials."

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TORONTO EXHIBITION PRIZE LIST.

THE prize list of the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, Ont., Aug. 29 to Sept. 14, has come to hand. It has been thoroughly revised from beginning to end and in some respects presents a neater and more convenient appearance than formerly. Several important additions have been made, including an offer of \$1,100.00, divided into six prizes, for the best floral design, to cover not more than 500 square feet of floor space. The Dominion Short-horn Association give \$2,000.00 and the Clydesdale Association \$500.00 to the premiums offered for Short-horns and Clydesdales. Several classes for horses and outfits used in business have been incorporated. Upwards of \$700.00 has been added to the amount given in prizes in the

agricultural section. Altogether, including medals and cups, the amount given in premiums reaches upwards of \$50,000.00, by far the greater portion of which is devoted to live stock and agricultural products. A more than usually extensive art loan collection is promised by old-world masters; by special permission of H.M. the King the Band of the Royal Artillery, Woolwich, Eng., will play and take a leading part in a grand international military tattoo and spectacle, representing "The Siege of Sebastopol." Each day will close with a display of fireworks on a scale hitherto unattempted. The usual cheap rates and excursions have been arranged for by all lines of travel. On application to J. O. Orr, Exhibition offices, City Hall, Toronto, prize lists, entry blanks, and any information desired, will be forwarded on the instant.

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Commencing Monday, June 22, parlor car will be attached to 8.00 a.m. train, Toronto to Collingwood, and direct connection will be made on Tuesdays and Saturdays with Northern Navigation Company's steamers for the Soo, calling at all intermediate points. The trip from Killarney through the north channel between Manitoulin Island is unequalled as a scenic route. From June 30 until August 29 steamers will also run to Mackinac Island, meals and berths included in fares. Full information at City Office, northwest corner of King and Yonge streets.

SPORTING COMMENT

THIS but a matter of a decade or so ago that athletics in general, and weight-throwing especially, were usually associated with Caledonian games, or other outings having to do with the Scotch. Things have changed somewhat during late years, however, and the world's best athletes are coming from the cross-roads in Ireland, or are descendants of men who bespored there before coming to this continent.

While such names as Duncan C. Ross and Donald Dinnie are still treasured in the memories of the athletically-inclined Scots, there is no gainsaying the fact that the feats of Flannigan, McGrath, Sheridan and Walsh, in the weight-throwing game, are far and away better than any records achieved by the Scottish athletes.

And those cross-road gatherings in the Emerald Isle are producing more than weight-throwers, as evidenced by the jumping of Con Leahy, Peter O'Connor and Mike Creed, and when Canada's best sprinter, Bobby Kerr, whom Hamilton has been patting herself on the back for owning, lo, those many years, comes forward and fills in his entry forms as being born in Ireland, mon, mon, it's awfu!

Are oatmeal bannocks to give way to praties as the muscle-making food of the future? It sure looks that way at present, as the output of athletes from the soil that raises the shamrock is by no means falling off, and the record lists for some years to come are due to chronicle names that are attached to brawny men who talk with the brogue. Wake up, Scotia! Wake up, all of ye, or Ireland will have an army of athletes all her own.

THAT there will be no dearth of first-class athletes in Canada for years to come was amply proven by the performances at the first annual boys' championships of the C. A. A. U., held at Varsity field last Saturday. West End Y.M.C.A. carried off the championship banner, with Central second, and the Marlboroughs, of Brampton, third. The out-of-town contestants from Hamilton, Kingston and Orillia, showed up well, but were not of sufficient numbers to count in the team championship.

Of the sprinters there are many promising lads, of whom Manewell, of Hamilton; Harvey and Simpson, of the Central Y.M.C.A.; Wells, of the I.C.A.C., and Nelson McCartney, of Kingston, showed up the best on Saturday.

This boy McCartney has the marks of a coming all-round athlete, as he can either run or jump, and has the stocky build that should make a good hammer-thrower and shot-putter in a few years.

Manewell, of Hamilton, was easily the best in both sprints, eighteen years and under. Charlie Harvey, the Central boys' star, annexed the 220, seventeen and under, but was beaten in the 100 by Blain, of Brampton.

Both fifteen and under sprints went to Malcolm McKenzie, Jarvis Collegiate, a youngster who is surely worth watching.

Simpson, Centrals, and Wells, I. C. A. C., are both good boys and showed up well. Simpson failed to land in the flat races, but won easily in the hurdles, while Wells, who is a sure-enough bad-actor at the start, finished second to Harvey in the 220, after being set back a couple of times for false breaks.

Malcolm McEachren, Centrals, won both the high and broad jumps and hurdles for boys under seventeen, and was easily the best at any age.

Of the middle distance runners the most promising performer turned up in Raymond Hughes, a brother of Elwood Hughes, who accompanied Billy Sherring over the Marathon course at Athens, and who was one of Canada's best five-mile men a few years ago. The youngster is somewhat rangier than Elwood, but has a great style for the half and mile runs, both of which he won handily, for boys under fifteen years.

John Watson, of the West Ends, sprang a surprise on his club-mate and rival of last year, Art Scholes, by coming from behind in the mile, for seventeen and under, and running away in the stretch. Scholes was next best, however, although decisively beaten.

Percy Selby, West End, won as he pleased in the mile, eighteen and under. Ed. Barclay, of Hamilton, was second, and P. S. Wallace, Centrals, third.

A second Goulding was uncovered in the mile walk, when Art Dunn, of Davisville, did the distance in 7.59.

That's going some for a youngster.

The two-and-a-half mile handicap was the feature event of the day. A couple of laps were done on the track, a run down to Queen's Park, a lap there and then back to finish with one lap on the track. Nat Dymont, West End, finished first and won the time prize. G. Smith, Parkdale Collegiate, 2.30 handicap, got first place; Oscar Pearson, All Saints, 2.30 handicap, second; Otto Jenkinson, West End, 3.00 handicap, third. Albert Clark, a midget, who appears to weigh slightly more than nothing, was the surprise of the day in this race. When the runners lined up for the start his appearance was not taken seriously by the audience, as he hardly looked able to toddle a hundred yards. But he is going to be a star some day, as he finished, with a smile that was worthy of Longboat, just 2 minutes, 29 seconds behind the husky Nat Dymont.

Altogether it was a grand workout for the kiddies, and well worth watching from the audience's standpoint. The Central Y.M.C.A. Boys' Club and the genial master of ceremonies, Mr. Jas. Bryden, are to be congratulated on the manner in which the meet was conducted.

OLYMPIC NOTES.

'Twas, indeed, good news to hear Con Walsh was going to the games. His hammer-throw at the trials was behind the record, but the big fellow is liable to get the right cast any day. His form is hardly up to that of Flanagan's, or McGrath's, as he doesn't get the speed in his gyrations, but his strength and size are good for something out of the ordinary any old time, and if he ever does get the form it's all off with the figures. He would have had a lunch of it if the 56-lb. weight had been on the programme. After juggling the big weights all winter those 16-lb. affairs are like pellets to a man of his proportions, and anyone can throw a rock better than a pill.

Lou Sebert's 49 flat for the 400 metres looks better every day. Taylor, the colored crack of the University of Pennsylvania, was all in at the finish in 49 at the A.A.U. trials, while the winner's time at the English finals was 51. And Bobby Kerr is some good at this distance, too. Canada has a bright chance in this race.

England seems to be there with the millers. In the 1,500 metres H. A. Wilson, the winner, went the distance in 3.59, just six seconds better than the previous record, held by Lightbody, of Chicago, made at St. Louis, and thirteen seconds faster than Lightbody did at Athens.

The A.A.U. athletes expect to win the running events up to, and including, the 800 metres. They that expect much are due to go some to get it this Olympiad.

England's only hope in the jumps is Ireland's "leppers," for he it known that the Scotch and Irish are included in the English team at these games.

E. R. Voight, at the English trials, captured the five-mile run, in 25.26. That fellow will sure take some beating. England always did turn out good five-milers.

Harry Porter, the Christian Scientist high jumper, of New York, is looked upon as a sure winner in A. A. U. circles, and is expected to do 6 ft. 5 in. However, he will be up against Con Leahy, and it is just possible, as they are great friends, that Con is of the same temperament as Mike Creed, and you all remember Mike's historic utterance when they were jollying him about a man of his size clearing 6 feet: "Faith now, and if ye get me riled O'll lepp eight feet."

Right here we would like to put the public right as to Mr. Creed's not making the team. It is thought by many that his short residence in the country had something to do with it, but such is not the case. The Olympic Committee had adjudged him eligible for the team, but in attempting to change from the Irish style of two hops and a jump to the hop, step and jump at the games at West Toronto he tore the muscles of his right leg, and was under the doctor's care at the time of the final trials and could not compete. He is rounding into shape now and will compete at Sunderland on July 1. He is a wonderful high jumper for a man of his stature, and it is to be

hoped that he fully recovers his old form.

If Longboat really strikes his gait in England the only cause Flanagan will have for worry will be over the size of the Island. The Indian is liable to hit some of the surrounding water before he can be stopped. Pole vault record gone up another two inches, but as the handshaking enthusiasts will not be present to bother Archibald every time he makes a good vault, he will be able to show his real form. He was a good deal better than 12 ft. 5 in. at Rosedale, but the congratulations put him off. He has a chance.

FOLLOWING the example of our own Island Province, the Legislature of Bermuda has "riz up" and placed its official ban on the automobile, and the onward march of the benzine buggy is stopped at a fresh point. It matters not that the driver of a big car would barely have time to throw in his high speed between one side of the island and the other. There are lots of small cars that have been cunningly devised to exhaust in a downward direction as near centre as possible, and what these could do in the way of dissipating coral dust over the Bermuda landscape can best be appreciated by anyone who has seen one of them "chowf-chowfing" up a township sideline on an August afternoon.

In any case it is the Bermudans' own affair. The domain in which they move and have their being is too restricted in area to give the zip-bang class of tourist a chance to enjoy his peculiar pleasures without becoming intolerable, and the islanders are well enough fixed to be able

to put up the bars against this class of transient without fear of financial nightmares. And they probably figure that they have enough to endure in the Spanish onion and the Easter lily without the added trial of gasoline in a state of combustion.

These two instances are not especially notable in themselves, but they provide examples that other communities might attempt to copy. There's the rub. It is all very well to smile at the drastic action of legislators beyond our borders, but our own M.P.P.'s are approached every day by individuals and by deputations, to see what can be done to control motor traffic on the highways of the province. All sorts of weird schemes, from total prohibition to toll-gates for autos only, have been mooted, and it behooves motorists who have the interests of their sport at heart to watch these ebullitions very carefully. They may appear to be frothy enough, but the fat is boiling away merrily just the same, and some day it may get into the fire. To their credit be it said the Motor League is working hard to spread the doctrine of the rights of others, but there are a discouraging lot of the wild and woolly style at large, and these have to be caught and tamed before the makers and users of the roads can get together with some chance of agreement. And when moral suasion fails—try the other kind, and give it to them good and plenty.

1.30 P.M. DAILY FOR WINNIPEG AND THE COAST.

The new "Winnipeg Express," the C.P.R. thirty-six hour flyer, leaves at 9.30 p.m. daily, via the time-saving Muskoka route. Close connection at Winnipeg for the Northwest and Pacific Coast. Palace and Tourist sleepers every night, handsome dining car and comfortable coaches. The only through coach all-Canadian route to Western Canada.

A Day Off.

EARLY at morn I heard their call
The birds and brooks and
branches, all
Singing beyond my garden wall,
Far and away off,
Inviting me, whate'er befall,
To take the day off.

I leaned out on the window sill
And saw the sun sweep o'er the hill,
And watched the valley's goblet fill
With golden glory,
And heard the distant thrushes trill
The summer story.

Above me spread a cloudless blue;
Below, the grass gleam with dew;
And on the vines where roses grew
I saw fresh faces
With smiles upon them, peering
through
The leafy spaces.

Then forth I fared intent to find
A spot just suited to my mind;
I left all worldly cares behind
And split the tether,
With one small book—the proper
kind
To match the weather.

Just think, a whole long day of fun—
Under the trees with Tennyson,
Reading the lyric lines that run
To music sweetly;
That is to count the day as won,
And won completely!

Not till the dusk began to grow
Did I the poet's page forego;
Then in the twilight's purple glow,
Between the hushes,
Once more the brook's soft tremolo—
The leaves—the thrushes.

A day off! Yes, and what a day!
Nothing at all to do but play,
And when the night comes kneel and
say

A long thanksgiving,
For June and poets. That's my way.
And life's worth living!
—New York Sun.

PARENTS TAKE NOTE

Here is a new departure in garment making for children that we think so well of we want to especially recommend it to your attention. It consists of three carefully made garments cut in one piece, waist, skirt and drawers combined. This Tri-Suit alone will completely attractively dress a child in moderate weather with no need or expense for extra skirts and drawers. It has no buttons to hurt, no annoying hooks, no unsanitary foul air retaining strings to interfere with growth and healthy circulation of blood or air, no uncomfortable lumps, gatherings or thicknesses to worry the child or its mother, nothing but ease, comfort and pleasure. Its value is simply astounding. It is healthful, easy and extremely comfortable, and so simple of construction that a young child can dress itself, relieving mother of much care, labor and worry. It can be worn under or over the other clothes, is neat and elegant, and you'll appreciate its many common sense departures and advantages at a glance. LOOK FOR THE BUNNY.

BUNNING'S TRI-SUIT

ON SALE IN OUR BOYS' CLOTHING SECTION, MAIN FLOOR



Teacher's

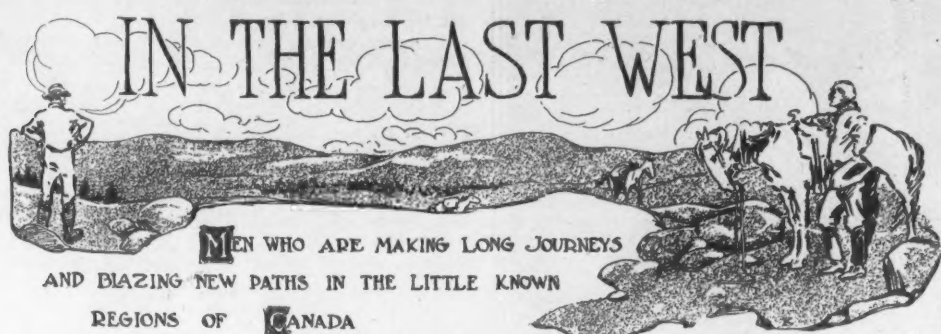
Matured in wood and mellowed by age.

Teacher's "Highland Cream" Scotch Whisky

is, because of its delicacy and mildness, recommended by leading physicians to patients of tender constitution.

At all leading hotels

Geo. J. Foy, Limited, Toronto;
Ottawa Wine Vault Co., Ottawa
and retailed in Toronto by
THE W. M. MARA CO.
D. Campbell McIver, Toronto, Special Representative to Canada.



THE newspapers of the West have no need to manufacture gossip. Every train that enters a western town bears some person worth interviewing—some one who from his own personal experience has become a copious fund of reminiscence and anecdote. Mr. W. J. McLean, of Winnipeg, is such a man. He passed through Saskatoon the other day on his way to the far North as a Dominion Government agent, to pay to the Indians there their annual treaty money.

Mr. McLean can tell many interesting stories concerning incidents which occurred at the time of the Northwest rebellion. He was formerly connected with the Hudson's Bay Co., and just twenty-three years ago he and his family were prisoners of the Indians, on the eve of the battle of Frenchman's Butte, which was fought on May 28, 1885. About the middle of April of that year they were made captives by the Wood Indians at Fort Pitt, and were taken from place to place, enduring the severest hardships during three months.

Mr. McLean will be accompanied on his northern trip by Secretary Conroy, of Ottawa, and Dr. P. D. Stewart, who will act as physician to the party. Starting now from Prince Albert they will go to Isle-a-la-Croix, to Buffalo Lake, Stanley, on the Churchill river, Lac-la-Rouge, Lac-du-Brochet at the north end of Reindeer Lake and Pelican Narrows. From there a portage will be made to the waters of the Saskatchewan and back to Prince Albert. The trip will occupy about ten weeks and about two thousand miles will be made by canoe. The whole distance is calculated at two thousand five hundred miles.

MRS. GERTRUDE WATT, who conducts the woman's page of Edmonton's bright weekly journal of comment, The Saturday News, writing entertainingly over the signature "Peggy," quite often has something very informing to say about the conditions of women in the West. The following article from her pen, containing as it does a number of points deserving of consideration, may very well be reproduced here. She says:

"Yesterday a woman dropped in to see me. She has been in the West for a year, and formerly did sewing for me. Now she has just returned from putting in the six-months-in-

the-year residence on her and her husband's homestead near Mannville, as required by the homestead laws. Here, said I to myself, is the one I have been wanting to interview—a delicate little woman, unused to hardships, who will tell me the truth about things.

"I suppose you're glad to get back to town?" I began. "Must have been rather uncomfortable in all that cold snap?"

"Well, do you know, we honestly didn't notice it," from this miniature five-footer. "You see, we were so busy, and then the cold in Alberta is, to my mind, the cheeriest, kindest sort of cold I've ever experienced. I just feel splendid."

"She looked it; for all the tiny, delicately-moulded figure, here was a woman full of the joy of living, happy, hopeful in the prospect of the future their quarter section was to bring them. Bit by bit I learned the whole of her story. Last September they bought a team, and laden with the most of their winter supplies, two tents, and with no live stock but nine chickens, they left Edmonton to drive to their homestead. The journey out was perfectly delightful, the little woman assured me. In the daytime they moved along fairly rapidly, and at night pitched a tent and built a small camp-fire, where they had a good dinner. In time their quarter section was reached, and operations begun to erect a small house and barn. The lumber for the house had been taken out with them, and soon she and her husband had a crude but cosy little home for themselves. The horses had then to be thought of, and with the aid of neighbors logs were cut and hauled. In a short time a good, substantial log barn was reared, and my friends began to feel all the delight of landed proprietors.

"This year the neighbors kept us pretty well supplied with milk, and when they failed we used condensed milk or went without. We could always get fresh meat, and with that and good, substantial vegetables you can't starve, can you?"

"At the query that it must be rather lonesome at times, this light-hearted homesteader only laughed. 'Lonesome? Well, I guess not. We have splendid neighbors, and then we haven't time for the blues.' It appeared that when her household duties were over, she sewed for nearby settlers, and thus added to her

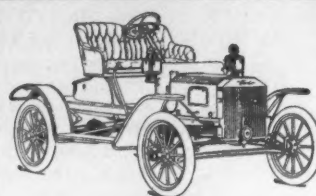
small supply of ready money. Next year they are to sow their first crop, when she expects to help seed and to share all the other outdoor labors. The prospect tickles her immensely.

"You may think I'm smart," she said, "but I think you ought to know about some neighbors of ours—Mr. K—and his four children—a girl of twelve, two boys of six and eight, and a five months' old baby. They are all French, the mother a dress-maker and the father a baker. Ready money being sorely needed, she left the homestead and went into Vermilion to take in sewing. She is now clearing \$20 a week, the father runs the farm, and the little girl takes care of the children. Every Saturday the mother drives out, does the washing, such sewing as is needed, and tidies up generally, and when the father drives her back to town he does enough baking to last her through the week."

"And the baby? I inquired. "Oh, it seems to thrive all right," my narrator assured me. "The father and daughter seem to manage beautifully."

"It's funny," she went on, "the way the young bachelors around the country are chasing after the widows for wives. You see, a widow can claim her 160 acres on her own and her children's account, so husband No. 2 really gets the benefit of a half instead of a quarter section."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Winnipeg Free Press, writing from Edmonton, says: At the junction of 6th street with Victoria avenue one of Edmonton's tree-girt districts, where boulevard and lawn throw a charm over everything, stands an unpretentious, cottage-like building, which has been eked out, first at one side and then at another, in an endeavor to make its size agree with the very important work which is going on day after day in the offices within. This is the Gateway of the Homesteader, the "Dominion Land Office." This prosaic legend, on the sign over the door conveys a very meagre idea, "on the face of it," of all it means to the thousands of men who are passing through the gate. These thousands are constantly increasing, and K. W. Mackenzie, land agent, with his office staff of seventeen, is constantly busy. They "have the habit" and work at high pressure, making entries, filling out applications, and receiving legal ten-



Model S
4 Cyl. 15 H. P.
\$800 f.o.b. Walkerville

FORD CARS

Cheaper Than a Horse

It is actually 25 per cent. cheaper to own and run a Ford automobile than a horse and rig—costs less per month.

And at that, the automobile will cover five times the ground or do three times the work.

For business or pleasure, get a Ford, sell your horse and save money every day.

The Ford Motor Co. of Canada, Ltd.
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

TORONTO BRANCH, 55-59 Adelaide Street West



Model S. Roadster
30-inch wheels
\$875 f.o.b. Walkerville

Another "O.K." Ale

Our latest—and, some say—our finest, brew. We perfected an uncommonly fine blend of hops and malt—and then brought all our years of experience to bear in brewing, ageing and bottling it.

O'Keefe's "Gold Label" Ale

is just the kind of Ale that you would expect a brewery like this to brew.

It's pure and old, and rich and creamy—a delight to the palate—and the most nourishing and healthful of malt beverages.

Have your dealer send up a case.

"The Beer that is always O.K."

der. Here, too, the testifying and covenanting on the book, with uncovered head, must be done, that the virgin soil may be well and truly dealt with by the stranger who has taken possession. The office doors are not opened until 9 in the morning, but before 8 an eager, anxious throng of home-seekers will be waiting patiently outside, sometimes as many as half a hundred to make a rush, if need be, to secure the coveted quarter section. The number of entries, at this office for 1906-7 was 4,024. The entries for the whole Dominion in 1896, were only 1,857.

Here, at the office door, is a truly western sight; passers-by pay no particular attention to it, but to an easterner it is a novelty—it is a big 'bus, in which a pair of husky roadsters are harnessed; along the sides of the rig is a flaring banner, bearing the announcement that a short run of 500 miles is to be made through the pea-vine prairie country, and extending a most generous invitation to all who are interested in that section to join the excursion. The whole affair seemed to be treated in as matter-of-fact a manner as though it had been the 'bus for Strathcona.

Immigration and immigrants are vague, abstract terms to most of us. We don't understand the one, and we never see the other, unless we meet a woman with a fringed and flowered shawl over her head—but to find them in the concrete, go to the depot when an immigrant train is coming in—nowhere in all the world over, can you find the same sight.

AMONG the recent visitors who have gone to Western Canada to spy out the good things has been Frederick Weyerhaeuser, of St. Paul, reputed to be the "king of the lumber world." Accompanied by a party of business associates, he has been looking over timber limits and milling propositions along the line of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, British Columbia. Mr. Weyerhaeuser's holdings of standing timber are far in excess of those of any other man or any other corporation, and the value of these holdings is said to be increasing more rapidly than that of any known public utility. He has been for many years a dominant figure in the lumber interests of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and in more recent years he acquired vast interests in the South and in the Northwest, especially in the States of Idaho, Oregon and Washington.

Speaking of the timber lands of British Columbia, he said that there

was unquestionably a very large amount of most valuable timber, both on Vancouver Island and on the mainland.

Mr. Weyerhaeuser is spoken of as a man of mystery. His life at home in the United States is to all appearances a very quiet one. He is said never to attend a public meeting, shuns society, and indulges in none of the gaieties of social life. His business interests are so widely extended that he is said to have a thousand partners, none of whom are acquainted with the full extent of his operations.

As an illustration of the rapidity with which the value of the holdings in lumber of Mr. Weyerhaeuser increases, it may be stated that ten years ago a certain limit in the United States was bought for \$75,000, and was sold last year for \$750,000. A similar limit in West Virginia which was bought for \$12,000 five years ago, was sold last year for \$500,000.

The entire holdings of Mr. Weyerhaeuser in the United States are estimated at 50,000 square miles, which is six times the area of the State of New Jersey, the best timber areas in the United States being included in the reservations.

THE Board of Management of the Provincial Fair at New Westminster, British Columbia, has decided to make the Simon Fraser centennial the feature of the exhibition. The board will commence an active canvass for subscriptions for a monument to be unveiled during exhibition week. The site selected overlooks the New Westminster bridge and commands an extensive view of two beautiful reaches of the lower Fraser. Large donations have already been secured, and the board has now decided to confine individual subscriptions to \$1.

A WESTERN newspaper correspondent writes admiringly of the work being done by the Government of Alberta in the interest of education in that big, new province. He points out that in two years and a half the number of public schools there has increased from 547 to 902. He notes that in the Ruthenian and Galician settlements 48 school districts have been established; and he adds that these schools are more roomy and better lighted than the average rural school in English-speaking communities.

This writer says that the Normal School at Calgary, which is nearing completion, will be a magnificent building, one of which both govern-

ment and province will be proud. Continuing, he says: The same will, one day, be said of the University of Alberta, which is to be erected in Strathcona. Classes are to be opened in the name of this much desired institution in September, and there are already twenty-seven names entered upon the roll. When it is remembered that the grand old University of Toronto started upon its glorious career with an initial list of only twenty-four, Strathcona may consider that her university's "day of small things" is already past.

SO much has been said concerning the recent gold strike in the Findlay River country that W.F. Robertson, provincial mineralogist of British Columbia, has gone to explore that region. If the diggings turn out to be good, a demand is sure to be made on the Government for expenditure in the way of roads and trails, and in any event the Ministers want first hand, disinterested information about a district concerning which but little authentic is known.

The Findlay River country has never been properly prospected or explored, although those who have some knowledge of the locality agree in stating that the geological conditions are favorable for the discovery of gold in paying quantities. The much-advertised strike, however, has not yet been proved to be of permanent value, as at the last news received none of the miners had yet reached bedrock.

ON the first of this month this news was sent out from Dawson: "The ice has gone out from Lake Labarge, leaving the Yukon river clear from White Horse to Dawson. This means that river navigation will open at once, and steamboats will leave White Horse daily for Dawson."

Hotels at Skagway have been crowded with persons awaiting transportation to the interior. Warehouses are almost bursting with freight ready for the movement of river steamboats. This is the earliest opening of the river in several years, but the water is unusually low owing to mild winter and light snows.

Boy—Sixpennorth o' cod liver oil, please, sir. An', I say, don't give me too much, 'cos it's me what's got to drink it.—Punch.

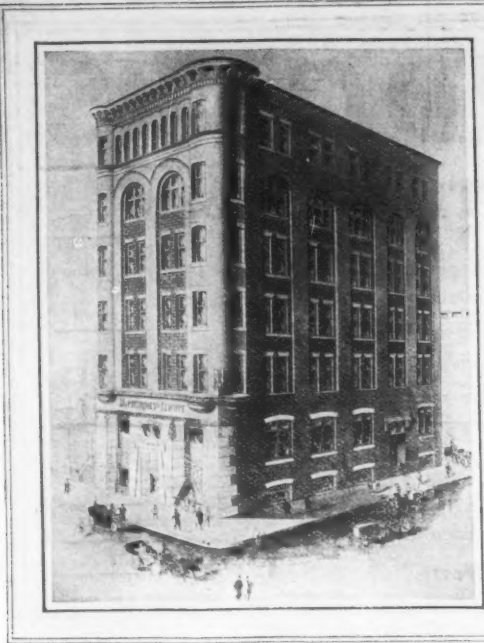
Put it to the test, let your tea-pot prove to you that for purity, flavor, quality and reliability "Salada" is supreme.

QUEBEC

TER-CENTENARY CELEBRATION

JULY 20TH TO AUGUST 1ST, 1908.

HISTORIC QUEBEC, the birthplace of Canada, will celebrate her 300th Anniversary this summer. It was in July, 1608, that Samuel de Champlain with his little company of thirty men first landed upon the narrow strip of land which lies beneath the natural fortress of Cape Diamond and took possession of, and in the name of, King Henry of Navarre. This and many other important events in the nation's history will be portrayed in a series of historical pageants. Heralds and Watchmen, clothed as in the period of Champlain, will patrol the streets proclaiming the opening of festivities. A grand review of the English, French and American fleets will take place in the harbor, and twenty thousand troops of all arms will be concentrated in the city. Athletic sports, regattas, balls and entertainments will also be features of the Celebration, and many distinguished visitors, foremost among whom may be mentioned H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, have consented to be present. The Official Programme, attractively printed and illustrated with half-tones showing many places of interest in and about Quebec, will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 10 cts. Address: Advertising Committee, Ter-Centenary Celebration, City Hall, Quebec.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

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| One Year..... | \$2.00 |
| Six Months..... | 1.00 |
| Three Months..... | .50 |

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Vol. 21. TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE 20, 1908. No. 36

!?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

NAMING A RACE HORSE.

THERE isn't much love lost between Mr. A. M. Orpen, the well-known racing man, and Rev. Dr. Chown, who is the energetic secretary of the moral reform movement for the Methodist Church in Canada.

The feeling between them is said to be aptly illustrated by a little incident that occurred not long ago when Mr. Orpen was watching his horses being tried out on the track. He noticed one beast which did not seem too speedy, and asked the trainer about him.

"Oh, that chap," remarked the man of the stable, "he couldn't win a turtle race."

Mr. Orpen enquired for the name of the slow racer.

"Haven't given him a name yet."

Instantly came the command: "Then call him 'Dr. Chown!'"

And the horse bears the honored name of the Methodist moral reformer.

A TORONTO MAN OWNS THE CIRCUS.

PERHAPS the public is not generally aware that the names of most circus firms are purely legendary. For instance the Barnum and Bailey circus is still on the road, under its old title, although P. T. Barnum is dead these many years and James D. Bailey also passed away some two or three years back. The Forepaugh and Sells Brothers circus exhibited in Canada last year, although Adam Forepaugh and both John and Peter Sells, its founders, were dead. Both these enterprises are indeed the property of Ringling Brothers, whose circus is one of the few organizations of the kind that is really owned and operated by the men whose names it bears.

The name of a circus is like that of proprietary medicine, for such shows appeal largely to the class of people who think that Perry Davis, of painkiller fame, is still alive and kicking. An instance is the Cole Brothers circus, which is at present touring Ontario. There once were three Cole brothers, famous in the show business, and the firm name is still a great drawing card in the Southern States, where the firm name is still one to conjure with. The only surviving member of the family is too old to go on the road. As a matter of fact every horse, every yard of canvas, and every wagon is owned by Martin Downs, a man who has called Toronto his home all his life, and who still maintains a residence on Berkeley street in this city. Mr. Downs, who has been in the circus business for over thirty years, is accounted one of the best organizers in a business which demands the highest form of organizing ability, and has steadily risen from the ranks. The show, indeed, has many affiliations with Canada, although this is the first time in years that it has come so far north. Mr. Downs' private secretary and assistant, is Mr. Mitchell, a son of the former proprietor of the Ottawa Free Press; and the press agent in advance, Mr. Donaldson, though an American, was once on the staff of the Hamilton Spectator.

SUBMERGING THE PROPHETS.

COMPARED with conditions of ten or fifteen years ago, the Toronto of to-day, though it has increased greatly in population, suffers from a paucity of prophets. This used to be the sanctuary of more phrenologists, palmists, mind readers, chiropodists and other dealers in the occult than "you could shake a stick at," and many people, otherwise normal and intelligent, used to seriously discuss the truthfulness of their revelations. Probably they are still lurking under the surface; but people have other things to think about—such as sewage-disposal and license reduction or the sheath gown.

One recalled these gentry to mind in glancing over a newspaper file of twelve years ago, and running across the prediction of one "Prof." Leonard, who was in the prophecy business at that time. He came under

the survey of the Crown Attorney's department, but his prophecies were regarded as harmless. Time has proven them to be inaccurate also. At that time Mr. J. Walter Curry, K.C., was Crown Attorney for the city of Toronto and had much to do with investigating the business of these people. When it was "Prof." Leonard's turn, that gentleman made the retort courteous, professing to have occult information that Mr. Curry would ere long be a judge. Mr. Curry then took a hand in the prophecy business himself and said: "That's the kind of a man I would sock it to if I were on the bench."

Mr. Curry went into politics instead and would frankly admit that he would value the services of some prophet a little more accurate than "Prof." Leonard to foretell the future in East York. It would have saved him a lot of time and fatigue, and would also have been a boon to his opponent, for Mr. Curry was one of the candidates that really gave the Conservative organization alarm and whose sweeping defeat was one of the surprises of June 8.

STRUGGLING WITH BIG WORDS.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD Rosedale girl keeps her family and friends amused by her propensity for using long words which are not always applicable to her subject.

"I thought you told me Mr. M. and Miss S. weren't engaged," she remarked to her sister recently. "Well, I saw them going past and they looked mighty infinite, the way she was hanging on his arm."

On another occasion she ascribed her long absence on an errand to the fact that two men were at the store "gratulating" the grocer.

"Why," asked the surprised mother. "What has he done to be congratulated about?"

"Why, mother," came the scornful reply, "you knew that his wife has just died."

A QUIET RETORT.

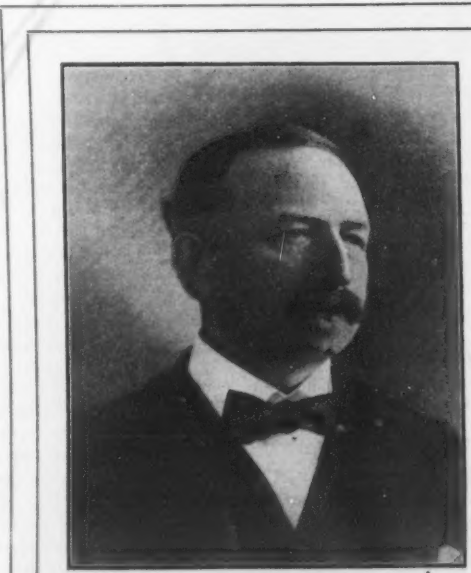
THE limitations of the infant mind sometimes lead children to very quaint and unexpected conclusions. A Toronto mother last winter made it a practice to bathe two of her children, a little boy aged three and a chubby girl a year younger, in a commodious wash-tub in the kitchen. Being a busy woman, she sometimes left the task soaking side by side while she completed some other duties. On one occasion she discovered to her horror that two-year-old Marie had possession of a tea cup and was drinking long draughts out of the bath water. She was of course chidden, and in order to make the warning more emphatic, she was solemnly told that the soap in the water would certainly poison her if she drank any more of it.

But Marie was not to be frightened. "No, mamma," she lisped, "ze soap won't poison me." "Why not?" asked the mother. "Cause it's not on ziz side of ze tub; its on Frankie's side," was the unexpected answer.

THE PAGEANT DIRECTOR.

AS those who read the daily papers are aware, Toronto was favored last week with a visit from Mr. Frank Lascelles, the English expert, who will have charge of the pageant in connection with the Tercentenary Celebration at Quebec next month. Mr. Lascelles was only in the city for a few hours and came as the guest of the Toronto Press Club, which desired to give him an opportunity to tell Canadians just what is to be done in Canada's most historic city. Mr. Lascelles has been in Canada since midwinter, unobtrusively making preparations for a historic spectacle on a magnificent scale. He is probably the greatest living expert in the matter of historical pageants, having won his spurs with the Oxford Historical Pageant of which much was read in British cable despatches last summer. Though he will use only four thousand people in working out the details of his scheme at Quebec, Mr. Lascelles will next year essay a much greater task, for he goes to London, England, to produce a historical pageant of the greatest city in the world, which will involve the services of fifteen thousand persons. To all appearances Mr. Lascelles is a young man, hardly beyond thirty, with a delightful speaking voice and delivery and a most winning manner. It appears that he was originally an actor, although he is a man of great versatility. English works of reference, credit him with being a poet, painter, and sculptor, and give his recreations as riding, reading, music, golfing, photography and boating. His success with the Oxford pageant was no doubt assisted by the fact that he is a native of Oxfordshire, and he was beyond question steeped in its historic conditions. His father was a writer on classical subjects and for many years vicar of Sibford Gower in Oxfordshire.

Mr. Lascelles was educated at Oxford, reading for the M.A. degree in the honor school of English literature. While at the university he took an active interest in the Oxford Union Dramatic Society, which is devoted to the production of classic plays. Among his impersonations



SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY.

President of the C. P. R., who, on the occasion of the opening of the new line from Toronto to Sudbury, was tendered a banquet by the Toronto Board of Trade, Mr. L. H. Clarke presiding. The new line reduces by eight hours the distance between Toronto and Winnipeg.



REV. DONALD C. HOSSACK.

who contested North Toronto as an Independent Liberal and an advocate of "abolish the bar," but was defeated by his Conservative opponent, Mr. John Shaw. On entering the contest Mr. Hossack resigned the Pastorate of Deer Park Presbyterian church. This week his people asked him to reconsider his resignation, but it is not known what action he will take.

were Romeo, Master Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Lucentio in "The Taming of the Shrew," Demetrius in Aristophanes' comedy, "The Knights." He then became a professional actor, first appearing in London in 1900, and later he toured in the British provinces in Shakespearean repertoire. In 1905 he joined the forces of Beerholm Tree to play the part of Ferdinand in "The Tempest," and the following year was a participant in the same actor's stupendous spectacle, "Nero," in which he understudied and on several occasions played the title role.

It is probable that hereafter Mr. Lascelles will be kept so busily employed in the production of pageants, which seem to have taken a definite hold on the British people, that he will abandon acting altogether. It is to be hoped that he will pay another and longer visit to this city before he leaves Canada.

REV. DR. PRINGLE'S CAMPAIGN

IN the history of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church of Canada that body probably never listened to a more sensational speech than that delivered by Rev. Dr. John Pringle of Dawson City. On June 9 the big missionary, in speaking to the social and moral reform committee, made sensational charges of immorality in the Yukon district. Dr. Pringle is a most impassioned speaker, not at all eloquent, but wonderfully convincing in his sincerity. He was given a good hearing by the assembled divines, but the applause was limited to about twenty-five per cent. of those present. It is pretty hard to work up applause before a Presbyterian Assembly by exposing the shortcomings of the Liberal Government; somehow they don't seem to see the point quickly. They take it into serious consideration.

No man ever got a better opening to fire a campaign shot than Rev. John Pringle had. He says he is a Liberal. Everybody who heard him knows he is a fighter. His tall muscular frame indicates a physique that would give a good account of itself in any scrimmage. His face is weather-beaten, and the storms through which the missionary has passed have left deep seams in his forehead. Yet there is something very good-natured in the appearance of the man from the Yukon, and his twenty-five years in the West have given him a broad outlook on the world. Some years ago Dr. Pringle was pastor at Kildonan (near Winnipeg) and also at Port Arthur. He declares that he has entered the fight for a moral Yukon, and now that he has put his hand to the plow he will not turn back till it is accomplished. He has much to say in favor of the hotelkeepers in Dawson. They have always helped him and given their saloons for his services. He will not enter a campaign against them.

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A CORN COMPETITION.

A GROUP of North York politicians had been discussing the elections, and then the conversation turned on the ever important subject of crops. The ex-warden of the county sat silent, puffing thoughtfully at his cigar, with a reminiscent smile on his face.

"What's the joke, Lot?" asked one.

"Oh! not much, but your remarks about corn reminded me of something that happened a few years ago. Silas Jones was forever bragging about his corn, as being the earliest and finest in the district. He would stroll into The Banner Office and tell the editor about it, and get a little piece put in every now and then, saying what fine corn he had. Some of the boys got a little tired of it, so we thought we would give him a lesson. We wrote a little paragraph stating that Silas Jones was not the only man in York who grew corn—that there were others who did so, just as good as his. If he thought that his was the best, let him prove it by exhibiting some in the editor's window where people could see it. In fact we were willing to exhibit against him."

"Well, that was the beginning of a corn controversy, and the end was a direct challenge calling upon Silas to bring his corn into town and show it in competition. The challengers would do the same and the public then could decide who was entitled to the championship of the corn belt. We hinted that he dare not do it."

"You all know old Hiram Jackson, Silas's brother-in-law. Si hated him as a truly religious man can hate his brother who had done him up in a horse deal. Hiram was equally affectionate towards Silas, so we decided that he was the man for our purpose. We called on

him, told him what we proposed to do, and said we wanted the use of his name. Hiram was game—anything to get the laugh on Silas, he said.

"On the date set the ears of corn were exhibited and everybody declared that Hiram's corn was the best. Nobody seemed to remember that he grew no corn to speak of. Old Silas was furious to think that his brother-in-law, of all men, had beaten him."

"How did he manage if he grew no corn?" was the question.

"We managed that. The night before the exhibition another fellow and myself drove out to Silas's farm and just stole the finest ears of corn in his patch. We took care to let Si know some time afterwards, but it was too late then for him to do anything."

A KINDLY SOUL.

IT is seldom that so humble a person as the late John Nunn gains such a hold on the affections of the community as he. Few men were better known and better liked in Toronto, although he never was what is termed a "character." As a private vendor of old books and prints, and as an indefatigable worker in behalf of old soldiers of the British army and navy, he has achieved a popularity denied to far abler men. It was the real charity and lovingkindness which seemed to shine from his personality that made him liked by great and small. A man deadly in earnest in the work he had taken in hand, and probably without any sense of humor, he always commanded a respect that checked the spirits of the young men of the newspaper offices he loved to haunt, whenever they felt inclined to chaff him or make fun of him.

While Mr. Nunn was full of enthusiasm for Britain's martial fame no man realized more fully than he the blighting effect of the soldier's life on men in many cases. Tommy Atkins, as he often explained, especially if he has seen much hard campaigning, is apt to develop bad habits. He leaves the army a useless man with a small pension hardly sufficient to gratify his acquired taste for beer. His life has unfitted him for civilian discipline and in not a few cases he sinks very low. While Mr. Nunn liked to enroll the sound old veterans who do honor to their history and country, he was not the less zealous in searching out the wreck that had fallen by the wayside, to rescue him if possible, and, if not, to assure him of clean sheets to die on and a decent burial after death. That he was not an educated man was a small consideration in comparison with the kindness of his soul.

One delusion he cherished, though he was chary of talking about it. He really believed that he was a lineal descendant of Nun, who is mentioned in the Book of Numbers as the father of Joshua. It is related that Joshua, the son of Nun, was one of those sent to spy out the land of Canaan by Moses and all that is known of him is that he was a member of the tribe of Ephraim. Nevertheless Mr. Nunn was absolutely convinced that somewhere in England the whole pedigree showing his descent existed. Many men have cherished more harmful delusions.

THE NEW MODERATOR.

REV. FREDERICK B. DUVAL, D.D., the new Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, was regarded by the delegates as one of the most efficient presidents of that august assemblage. The honor was a fitting one, as Dr. DuVal has been for the past twenty years pastor of the premier Presbyterian church of Western Canada—Knox church, Winnipeg. He is also a highly educated man, and has been so closely identified with the cause that he was eminently qualified to accept the position when it came to him. The Presbyterian Assembly is a very formal body, and he is bold who does not recognize its dignity. Dr. DuVal, with his kindly and patriarchal appearance and his infinite tact smoothed out the tangles, for the Assembly had a habit of getting into tangles.

Rev. Henry, of Regina, an eloquent speaker, was addressing the Assembly at Winnipeg and remarked that he would probably never again appear before that body. Rising from his seat the Moderator gave the speaker a slap on the back, remarking: "You'll address this Assembly many times in the future, my brother." There are some peculiar financiers who attend the Assembly. Over an item of \$19 in an expense account they got into a snarl and spent considerable time. The Moderator stood it as long as possible, then jumping to his feet he demanded: "I want to know if this Assembly is going to pay that bill, if not I am going to pay it myself; I won't have the business of the Assembly held up for \$19." The bill was promptly passed. It was by such methods Dr. DuVal endeared himself to the delegates and justified the Assembly in their choice of Moderator.

LAW AND PRECEDENTS.

LAWYERS, in arguing a case in court, invariably lay stress on precedents. No judge will disregard these if they are opposite and applicable to the case in hand. So much is this the practice that in one prominent law firm in the city it is the custom of the leading member in having a case presented to his consideration, to immediately summon his junior clerk and bid him "Look up the precedents."

In the non-jury assize courts a couple of weeks ago Judge Anglin caught two leading lawyers napping in just this respect. The case before the courts was the question whether certain by-laws included in the charter of an incorporated company were a binding agreement on the contracting parties when it was discovered that they contravened the Companies Act and were therefore illegal. The plaintiff sought an injunction to prevent their violation. Both counsels, one a K.C., appealed to precedents and quoted widely from the records.

Judge Anglin, however, in giving his finding had it on them both when he referred to a ruling by Chief Justice Meredith last month in an exactly analogous case in Hamilton. In a voice as smooth as silk his lordship declared that he was convinced that his learned friends had overlooked this ruling, as neither had quoted it. Far be it from him to depart from the ruling of the Chief Justice and without expressing an opinion himself on the strength of this judgment he would find for the plaintiff. Both lawyers appeared slightly taken back, the counsel for the plaintiff the more so of the two, for his brief, although very ably prepared address had lacked the one precedent which had in the end evidently carried most weight with the Bench.

SASKATCHEWAN has decided to close all bars at 10 o'clock. This allows one hour more for going home than is allowed in Ontario, but distances in the West are greater.—Toronto Globe.

ON THE REAL "FIRST TRAIN"

Some Notes on the Preliminaries to the Opening of the Toronto-Sudbury Line of the C.P.R.

By FERGUS KYLE

THESE boiled-shirt functions are rare good opportunities to impress a man and his associates with the fact that he is highly esteemed by his fellow citizens, and it was with unalloyed pleasure that a couple of hundred leading men in the community gathered at the Board of Trade's banquet to do honor to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, to express their appreciation of the work he has done to advance the material interests of the country, and to mark in a formal way the historic moment—the completion of the new line from Toronto to Sudbury, the opening of a new avenue of communication with the great West.

About four miles below Rumbold, where the new line joins the old, there is a spot, which, viewed in the misty moonlight as the train runs through frequent deep cuttings, looks exactly like a plowed field, rolling away from the track a hundred yards or so. It is solid rock, ribbed and streaked as it was poured forth when nature upset the cauldron and left the contents to dry in the open. Men came and cut their way through it, through miles just like it, and they used the broken pieces to fill the valleys lying between. They laid tracks of steel and their fellows came with cars of merchandise and were helped on their way by many more, who, day in and day out, smiling June or bleak December, perform the labor which makes possible the operation of a great railway system. It was to the respected chief of this army of men as well as to the astute mind with national foresight that men raised their glasses amid the glamor and enthusiasm of the banquet.

But there were many in that impressive company who would have given a good deal to have been with us on the first through train, the one which went before to make ready for the smooth operation of that "first train" of palaces on wheels which got its picture in the papers and was compelled to bow to the right and to the left all the way up the line.

A SHORT time ago a "23" message—which calls for the immediate attention of every office—went over the wire notifying all interested that certain stations on the new line would require agents. Applications came in, the men were selected in order of seniority of service; they and a supply of everything required in their offices, including express, freight, baggage and passenger departments, together with officials of these departments, were put on a train composed of freight cars, caboose, baggage car, sleeper, diner and the district superintendent's car; half a dozen newspaper men were added to the load and soon after midnight on Friday morning last the installation train quietly walked out of the Union and was discovered about breakfast time at Bala, the entrance to the Muskoka Lakes, and to which point the line was operating last year.

Thereafter commenced the fulfilment of the purpose of this jumble-train. At Bala they put on an engine that knew every inch of the way over the new track, it having pounded up and down doing odd jobs from the time the rails were put down until, under the attentions of the ballast men, they assumed some sort of level. Number



MR. JOHN G. SULLIVAN SAT AT THE REAR END WATCHING THE TRACK.

369 carried two tenders, so she could load up with water like a camel to get past the desert places to the next tank. That was when pumping stations were few and it was a long time between drinks. Engineer Wright, who was at the throttle, has been over the line so many times that he knows every patch of dessicated rock by heart. With him in the cab, "learning the road," and paying careful attention to Wright's remarks about grades and curves, was another engineer who is to handle a regular train. Back in the cupola of the caboose another sat watching the road and making mental notes of the landmarks, the location of switches, signal posts, and the thousand and one things that claim the attention of engine drivers. When 369 would blow the long whistle for a station you would look ahead through the avenue of rock and trees and presently discern the top of a pretty little building, shining in new paint, surrounded by new board walks. You knew from the smell of fresh paint and the white chips lying about that it had not long been deserted. Soon that little station platform was all activity. A queer assortment of articles was handed out of the cars—two chairs in a crate, two small oil cans and a big one, two train lamps, three station lamps, two lanterns, three pails, a broom, a saw, platform scales (for weighing fish-stories) and many other boxes of tricks. You would not think the utensils of a railway station ever could have been as clean and new as these. Walk into the agent's room; you find a man putting the loose parts of a clock together; under the eye of the superintendent of telegraphs the wires have been attached to the instruments and the new operator is trying to get the station below. It happened at one place that the first communication from the outside world was the warning that "time" was about to be given. This is a "23" message that comes at 11.55 every day; at the first tap every office on the system stands at attention and remains so for one minute, at the conclusion of which two taps announce that it is 11.56 a.m. at McGill Observatory. The man with the clock had just placed it in position and was turning to ask the time by one of the railroad watches. Instead, he set the hands and started the works on the dot. Every shiny new clock on the line was keeping step.

With good wishes from everybody and a few advisory words from the officials of the various departments the new agent was left monarch of everything in sight. He usually stood on the platform as the train pulled out and made jokes about the size of the town he had come to. At Peart the new man said: "Well, there were only two stations I wanted—Toronto and Peart. I got Peart." This same chap was to have had a dog with him. At the Union Station the dog got away, just before the train started, and went uptown. "He slipped his collar," said the agent, "He had more sense than I had." On the down trip we heard that the yelp had been found and ticketed to Peart. But these young men are a cheerful lot; they knew what sort of "town" they were bound for and will find plenty to interest them. Before the train pulled out one of them had already gotten his eye on a spot he said would make the finest kind of flower garden. Then there is fishing and hunting galore for the spare time.

Muskoka station is a divisional point. Here an extensive yard with many tracks was made after taking off about 8 feet of rock from the surface. It is equipped with all the latest contrivances, and the yard men point out to you how an engine on the way to the roundhouse and out again passes one after the other, all in a row, the sand tower, coal chutes, ash pit, turntable and water column. An electric plant supplies light for the whole works. Here were long lines of boarding cars, including a cook car and dining car. The raisin pie that French cook turns out is delicious, better than one runs across at the lumber camps in Algonquin Park. Muskoka is one of the spots the practical men are enthusiastic about. Another is the big steel bridge over the French River, a span 415 feet long, resting on the ends. It was put together on the land and slid on to the river pier by means of a float, the varying weight being maintained by means of compressed air pumps. On the float, crosswise to the big one, and supporting it, was a smaller steel bridge, afterwards used over a river at another point on the road. At all times, everyone you spoke to, except the construction engineers themselves, was full of praise for the condition of the track.

"What d'ye think of that?" you are asked. "Did ye ever ride smoother on an old road. An' look what they were up against?"

What they were up against was clear enough. Now

it was a fifty yard cutting of rock forty feet high; then a "fill" over a ravine, where all the rock they could find was not enough, and where they had to pour hundreds of trainloads of ballast to reach the desired level. Here a bridge over a river gorge, there a stretch of sink-hole which seemed to eat up the material as fast as it could be brought. But they've done the trick and the grade over the whole line is three-tenths of one foot in one hundred feet: as Construction Manager Sullivan put it, "you can pull on a three-tenths grade anything you can start on the level." There are spots that reach five-tenths, but they are "velocity grades," that is to say, the train has already gained from a down grade the momentum to carry it up.

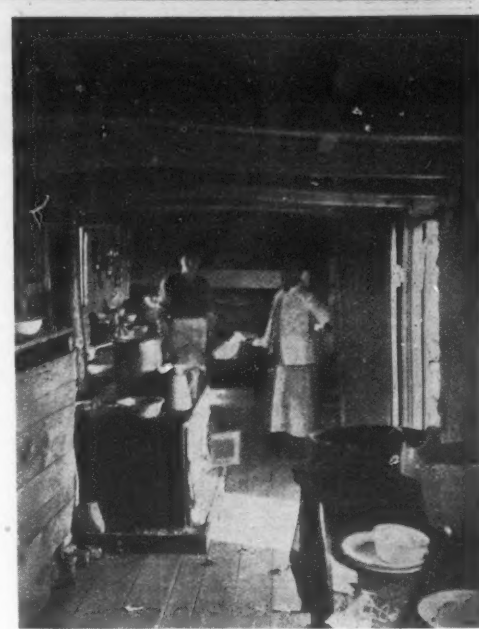
Presently we came upon some of the twenty-seven trains at work up there and were sidetracked to let them go by to unload. The operation of unloading was intensely interesting for most of the passengers. The ballast train, pictured on the front page, backed across this fill; as the rear end crossed the space where ballast was needed the "Legerwood" at this end of the train began to wind up the cable, drawing the plow across the cars and forcing the dirt out of the sides. With the cable still pulling the train was run back and forth, distributing the contents evenly along the track whence it was shovelled into place by the swarm of laborers. (By the way, Paddy, the bull terrier in the picture, is known and fed and petted all along the line. He jumps on trains and goes where and when he pleases; but at present he is not well, having lost a portion of his extreme end in a misunderstanding of orders under which a handcar was proceeding. He belongs to Trainmaster Harshaw, whose broad shoulders take up so much of that snapshot.) On this page are views of the gangs at work on spots that have not yet received their finishing touches. They are a strange sight, these "daggoes," of all ages, all tanned very dark, and some arrayed in most gorgeous patterns. Many of them wore waistcoats padded to a half-inch thickness all round, said to be for protection from the sun, but looking more like the remnants of a winter costume. A picture on the front page shows a string of them at the close of the day. One of the newspaper men was standing on the rock at the side, waving his arm to keep off the mosquitoes; the leaders thought it was an order to halt, so the whole line halted. Then, becoming reassured, they came on again, the varied spots of color dancing in the strong rays of the setting sun. Farther on we saw them cooking in their earth-hole ovens along the side of the track.

It was at one of these "fills" that the first glimpse was had of John G. Sullivan, of Panama Canal fame, the construction engineer who took hold of this work something over a year ago. He was on a projecting rock signalling with a big white handkerchief one of his trains a third of a mile away. When it came down he climbed aboard and gave a remarkably good imitation of a typical construction "boss," an Irishman, a John G. Sullivan, giving orders as to how he would prefer to have things done. Later on there was opportunity to see many other sides of his nature, in the interview with the newspaper correspondents. Question after question he answered,

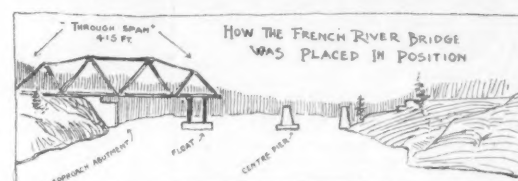


and seemed to enjoy the task, explaining in language untechnical enough to be understood by the uninitiated various operations that are a mystery to the average person; facts, figures and dates were at his tongue's tip, and he told many a yarn between times.

But in the early part of the evening he sat still in the back of J. R. Nelson's car and gazed out upon the vanishing track. The light was fading out of the sky, the trees were becoming a blur on either side and he wanted to see as much of it as possible. That was why he was short in his reply when Passenger Agent Brignall "came back" to arrange the interview for the newspaper men. For that night at 12.01 he was to hand over control of the line to District Superintendent Nelson. The work



INTERIOR OF COOK CAR AT MUSKOKA.



THE NEW STATION AT PARRY SOUND.

was practically finished and the Operating Department would take it over from the Construction Department. So these two railroad men sat, occasionally remarking upon some piece of the flying track, but each thinking his own thoughts.

THEY ran old 369 straight through to Toronto and she did the work well considering that she was out of training for long runs faster than usual, but they had to climb down once in the gray morning hours, a few miles from Bolton, for the grime and dust of the ballast heaps had got into the joints and a hot axle developed that worked better than an air brake. One would think that an engine having played such a part in the creation of a new tie between East and West would be decked with ribbons and wreathed with flowers and given the place of honor in the cosiest corner of the roundhouse. Not so. She'll go back on the job, for that's the way on the railroad—that's the way with men and engines. There's no blooming sentiment in the business.

A WOMAN REPORTER'S ENTERPRISE.

MUCH has been said and written of the smartness of the American reporter, but it remains for a young woman on the staff of a Toronto daily to show what real enterprise in the news-gathering line is.

The girl was sent to the house of a prominent Torontonian who was rumored to be dead. The city editor told her to get a good write-up, and work in a little of the sobbing-sympathy stuff. She determined to do her best, but when she arrived at the house and inquired of the maid if the report of the death were true, she was rather surprised to learn that it was not.

"He is not dead," explained the maid, "but he cannot live many minutes now."

By this time the girl reporter had recovered her nerve.

"Thank you. I'll just go in and wait if you don't mind."

The maid was a bit surprised, but showed her into the drawing room. In a few minutes the news came that the dying man had passed through the doors of death, and then Miss Reporter got busy, gathered the particulars of his life and illness, and wrote a fine story for her paper. Also, it proved to be a "scoop" which mightily pleased the city editor.

Beresford Anecdotes.

WHEN Lord Charles Beresford, who has just been decorated with the Grand Cordón of the Legion of Honor by President Fallieres of France, was commanding the naval brigade in the Sudan, his life was saved by a mule which fell dead on top of him before a rush of Arabs. The square quickly re-formed, and Lord Charles was rescued from his unenviable position. Glancing at the prostrate mule, he remarked, as he brushed the dust from his clothes: "Now, that was indeed a brotherly act!"

Lord Charles has sat in Parliament on several occasions. At York, one evening, after having addressed a political gathering, a famous politician who had veered round on the Home Rule question approached him and said:

"Admirable speech, Beresford; very good indeed. I didn't think you could do it. You don't look like a statesman."

"Perhaps not," was the bluff sailor's retort. "No more do you like like a weathercock."

The Lord Mayor's Hobby.

THE Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Bell, is a Londoner born and bred, but his greatest enjoyment is in the pleasures of a country life, and, in spite of the pressure of his public duties, he manages to snatch sufficient respite to enable him to spend most week-ends on his charming estate at Stoke Poges, a spot made famous by Gray's deathless "Elegy."

Sir John's hobby is the collection of old furniture, with which practically every room at "Framewood" overflows. He has spent many years of his life, and travelled many miles, in his quest of rare and elegant examples of woods and brocades of every style and period, with the result that his country house has become a repository for some of the choicest specimens of antique furniture to be found anywhere.



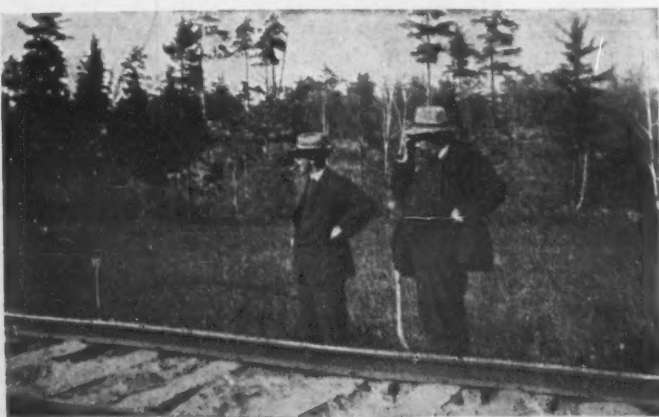
A GANG ON THE TRACK.



PACKING THE TIES.



LETTING THE TRAIN GO OVER.



ASSISTANT ENGINEER PORTER AND TRAINMASTER HARSHAW WATCHING THE TRACK WORK.



A GANG FOREMAN.

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

TO LIVERPOOL
FROM MONTREAL
VICTORIAN June 26, 9 a.m.
CORSIKIAN June 26, 9 a.m.
VIRGINIAN July 3, 3.30 a.m.
TUNISIAN July 10, 4 a.m.
and weekly thereafter.

TO GLASGOW
FROM MONTREAL
GRAMPIAN June 26
PRETORIAN June 27
HESPERIAN July 4
IONIAN July 11
and weekly thereafter.

Rates of Passage
First Class \$62.50 to \$75.00 and upwards, according to steamer.
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Moderate Rate Service to Havre, France, and London.

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TIME TABLE
Daily (except Sunday)

Lv. Toronto 7.30, 9.11 a.m., 2.35 and 5.15 p.m.
Arr. " 10.30 a.m., 1.25, 4.45, 8.30 and 10.15 p.m.
City Ticket Office, Ground Floor, Trades Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street, also A. F. Webster King and Yonge Streets. Book Tickets on sale at City Ticket Office.

STEAMERS
"Toronto"
and
"Kingston"

commencing June 1st will leave Toronto at 3.00 p.m. daily, except Sunday, for

1,000 Islands, Montreal, Quaint Old Quebec, and Saguenay River

For Bay of Quinte ports, Kingston, Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Montreal.

Steamer "BELLEVILLE"
leaves Toronto at 7.30 p.m. every Tuesday.

For tickets, berth reservations and further particulars call at Ticket Office, 2 East King Street.

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LAKE SHORE EXPRESS
Commences June 13th

Connection made with Muskoka steamers at Bala Park and at Lake Joseph Dock. Best service. Saves time to all points. Observation-dining-parlor-car. Ticket office, Cor. King and Toronto Sts. (Tel. M. 979), and Union Station. Ask for C.N.O. folder, replete with detailed information.

Dine at DEVINS'

A cordial invitation is extended to Torontonians to visit our handsome new Pavilion and Boat House.

The Humber has always been one of Toronto's most popular spots during the summer and this promise to make it more so. Meals are served at any desired hour, either on the spacious balconies, in the large dining-room, or should you desire it, in a private room.

After business arrange to dine here and finish the day with a canoe or boat trip up the picturesque Humber River.

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John Green, Guide

The Story of a Canoeing and Fishing Trip in Temagami.

"Water plashing on the shore; breezes blowing leaf shadows on the rocks; miles and miles of sun-diamonded lake; green hills fading away to gray against a wondrous blue, cloud-flecked sky."

"Unspeakable sense of freedom: no care, no thought: only happiness. 'This is Temagami.'"

As we got off the Grand Trunk train, the year between faded away: last September was as yesterday. In a moment we saw John Green with his slouch hat and his funny creepy-mouse, Indian walk. He grinned, and began just where we left off last year: a clasp of his iron-jointed hand makes one's fingers tingle.

Then to Bear Island on the little steamer to Mrs. Turner's, up the funny, rocky, stubby path, among the sledge dogs and canoes, into the little black sled, through the kitchen and there was Mrs. Turner, handsome as ever with her kindly smile and raven glossy hair.

Next morning we bought our provisions at the Hudson's Bay Company's store, picked out a sixteen foot Peterboro canoe which carried our outfit easily. At eleven we embarked; it was good to hear the dip of paddle and the ripple of water at the bow.

With each mile breath came freer; with each hour we grew delightfully savage. Sometimes a huge mountain of rocks rose precipitously from the shore, bare, save for clumps of sturdy Norway pine and patches of moss, some very green and some a strange orange color. In half an hour we caught our supper—seven big bass.

Then we landed and made camp on a rocky promontory at the north end of Lake Temagami. Such a supper! The bass hot and toothsome; and flap jacks—without number, the bigger the better, swimming in unsurpassed Canadian maple-syrup.

The camp-fire! John made a blazing one on the point of rocks like a beacon-light. Wrapped up in sweaters, we sat between the silver light of the moon and the golden glow of the fire, with everything beyond, black as though there were nothing in the world but our magic circle of warmth and comfort. We listened to John's stories of hunting and adventure until bedtime; and then restful sleep upon balsam boughs piled high, soft as down, redolent of the forest.

When the sun was well up we had some porridge, and more porridge. We rigged a sail and went out to try the breeze, incidentally to land a lake trout, but the beautiful, green wooden-minnow so fascinating to us did not prove in the least attractive to the trout. So we pulled in our grand ideas with the minnow and tried for smaller, just as eatable game, with two fine bass and a pickerel as result. As we trolled near the shore we heard a scrambling, and saw a fat, bristly porcupine waddling up the rocks. At last forcing him out of the bush, John made the stupid old chap climb the paddle, and do all sorts of tricks. In the end we let him go, but we had laughed and capered with such glee that the porcupine must have thought it was a war-dance.

Early next morning we crossed Sandy Inlet, through the narrows, in and out among the tall reeds, over sunken trees, past one shadowy little bay carpeted with golden waterlilies, twisting and turning to the portage, which was as rocky and steep as Christian's Hill of Difficulty. Portages exist to make one appreciate canoeing.

Lake Anima-Nipissing, a very changeable little lady, deigned to be charming in one of her pleasant moods so we travelled leisurely, skirting the shore closely enough to see clumps of white and pink flowers, ferns, now and then a tall blossom of deep magenta, russet-leaved vines, and brilliant red berries, stealing into a little unfrequented bay where there were moose tracks, and a tree lately torn open by a search for ants. It was fascinatingly primeval.

We reached camp at sunset, glad to hear the canoe bump on the rocks. Of course we were ready for supper—we always were, even ten minutes after dinner. We had squaw cake, a kind of glorified raised biscuit. It was of remarkable proportions and most invitingly brown. I thought "We'll be eating this particular and individual squaw cake at Christmas," but we drew lots for the only

THE MOUNT ROYAL—New summer resort on Sparrow Lake, Muskoka. Terms \$5.00 per week and upwards. Apply for particulars August Schultz, Sparrow Lake P.O., Ont.

slice left next morning at breakfast. Once again for lake trout, with copper line and the hitherto luckless wooden minnow. We had trolled for half a mile when I felt a mighty tug. I reeled in feeling as though I were trying to pull up the lake bottom. Scarcely ten feet of line were in, when it began to whipsaw mightily, dragging the rod's tip into the water.

Scrambling to my knees I reeled in furiously more than half the line with rod bent to breaking. "Give him slack," shouted John. He ran twenty yards, and when I had that all back, and more, too, "Let him run or he'll smash things," said John. Away went the trout for another wild dash, to bring up this time weakening, but still game. It was his last overpowering rush, but not of the whipsawing which kept on madly to the end. As with doubling rod I brought him into sight, he was turning somersaults. John reached for him with the gaff, missed, but hooked the line. At the same instant as the trout somersaulted against one of the side-hooks on the minnow, John lifted him like a flash into the canoe. A beauty, with fine, dappled, silver skin, and feathery fins tipped with pink.

Soon John had him on a plank with a Damoclean piece of pork above; he sizzled for an hour before a hot fire, until the final crackle; John solemnly sticking a fork in his side pronounced him done. We ate every morsel, even to the crumbs, and reluctantly threw away the bones.

On through Bay Lake, up the Montreal river to Pork Rapids—so called because there an Indian once stole a hundred pounds of pork from the Hudson's Bay Company's barge. The current of the river, before so calm gradually quickened, the eddies whirled faster and faster, the water grew turbulent, and we were in the rapids.

"Jumping rapids!" leaping, flying, whirling, breathless throughout. John behind in the stern with strong paddle to guide and steady. We raced swift as the foaming torrent itself, on a wild, plunging, rock-dodging course. We did it literally in three jumps, each being a mountainous billow, a precipitous plunge, a shivering canoe, a lap full of water, breath caught seconds after, then another plunge.

At the next portage, I rested on a mossy log. We took a copy of Keats with us and I was luxuriously enjoying a poem, when an angry note repeated again and again brought me awake to reality. At the other end of the log was a little chipmunk, all aquiver with fear, soft body trembling, eyes wildly snapping with fright and rage. I did not understand, until I heard three or four tremulous squeaks from the log. Then the poor woe distracted mother rushed at me in momentary bravery. Deciding craft the better part, she cocked her tail in a pitiful attempt to be alluring, skipped upon a distant bough, pirouetted, eyeing me. Her courage oozed out; she made a vicious dash. As I quickly moved away, she ran to her nest in the hollow log, and all the little squeakings ceased in a happy silence. It was so much better than the poem, that Keats retired defeated.

We crossed Wakamika Lake to what seemed to be the shore, but really a little marshy outlet of a swift running stream, down which we drifted. The stream just wide enough for the canoe to pass, was overhung with trees like a tropical jungle. We came upon a fallen tree, stretching across the stream, completely barring our path, a huge bulk of red pine. To our city-ignorant eyes it seemed an insurmountable snag, but John, the ever-ready, crawled out with the axe, barked a runaway across the tree and in a jiffy slid the freighted canoe over as nice as you please. There were four miles of this delightfully mysterious stream and then Lake Obabika.

Intent upon moose, we wound our way in and out among the islands little and big, all pine clad, that dot Obabika, to the end of the big lake, which is a series of deep bays, marshy and grassy.

Stealthily we turned the point. John whispered, "Don't stir!" and sculled his paddle noiselessly. A moose was eating his five o'clock lily-pod, up to his chin in water, with the blinding sun full in his eyes. It was exciting, within a hundred feet of his big bracing horns; thrilling when we crept to fifty; and it set our nerves tingling, at only twenty-five feet away. Then he saw us, gave a mighty snort and plunged ashore with giant strokes. The canoe flew in pursuit, keeping ten feet behind him to land. The moose did not wait to shake himself, but crashed off into the forest, his lordly antlered head held high.

We paddled into an almost land-locked cove. John whispered, "Look

on the log under the bushes," and there was the roundest little, brown cub walking gingerly along the log. When he heard us he took to the brush; we sat still and the silence hung heavy, as we waited. In a minute Teddy Bear clambered out from the bushes and walked on a rock not fifteen feet away. He saw us, stopped, lowered his head, cocked up one ear, assumed the prettiest pose he knew, and lingered to be admired—and then was gone with a bounce, leaving us naught but a bewitching memory.

As we were exploring Round Lake John, the eagle-eyed, pointed down a sand-beached bay. In the water were three red deer, a buck, doe and tiny fawn, their sleek, red-brown coats shining in the sun as they stooped to drink the shallow water. Scentsing us they disappeared into the woods, not hurriedly or clumsily as a moose, but with utmost grace and delicacy. We hurried to the beach, and vainly tried to find them in the bush. Their heart-shape hoof marks were on the sand.

At the very end of Obabika, we came upon an Indian hunting shack. No one was at home, so with apologies we investigated. It was a real wigwam, conical in shape, built on birch trees meeting in a bundle at the centre, the walls of big strips birch-bark sewn together with strands of spruce tree roots. The exact workmanship was done with infinite patience. Inside, directly in the centre was the fire, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. Over the fire were hooks hanging on rods suspended from the poles where the meat roasted. Many baskets, boxes and rude dishes made of bark were scattered about, some bundles of sewing fibre and a pile of rabbit-skins with which the Indian had been making a blanket. Outside was a deer-hide and moose bones; also many different shaped boards for stretching skins; a long thin one for muskrat, a broader one for mink, a hoop for beaver. Against a log leaned two dog-sleds and a pair of snowshoes.

We made our camp not far away on a beautiful island, with a graceful oval, rock bound shore, very high in the centre, clad with Norway pine, and just enough poplar to add a feminine touch, carpeted with moss and pine needles. From the summit on all sides stretched a view of the island-gemmed lake into miles of blue distance; so high that every breeze from the four corners made the little quivery leaves respond, and the big strong winds in the pines were more grand than organ tones. Our only neighbor was a handsome crane who lived on the next island, and flew over one day to say "Welcome." He was a gentleman of grace and refinement, was dignified and exclusive, but charming as a neighbor.

The loon's long wail made the isolation of our island more real, strange birds, whistling, giggling, walling, screeching in all but human tones. They circled at great height, with their long necks extended, and whirled and moaned in crazy fashion. Maung, the Indians call them, descriptive of their weird note.

In the twilight, as we returned to camp, on an out jutting rock from the mainland, sat the prettiest yellow fox pawing in the water for fish. We glided slowly towards him until but a dozen feet away. He was a mere baby and was so trustingly ignorant of men, he thought we had come to play. He crouched on his fore-paws like a cunning kitten, then lay down in a soft, fluffy ball, rolled over and rubbed his ears with his paws. His mother barked to him from the deep woods; he answered with baby carelessness in his tone, and trotted along the shore stepping from rock to rock to keep dry his black-mitted feet, and waving his handsome tail in farewell.

The inevitable came; starched civilization—packed luggage—the little steamer at the wharf.

"Que-don-e-ma-cone." (Good-bye) said John Green.—From Rod and Gun for June.

TO THE SEA SHORE IN COMFORT.

Although the charming inland resorts of Muskoka, Lake of Bays, and Temagami, have become so popular, largely through the efforts of the Grand Trunk Railway System, many still cling to the sea shore, and salt water bathing, as the ideal place to spend a vacation, and certainly improved service, make the trip to Portland, Maine, Old Orchard and other Atlantic Ocean resorts a pleasant one. For example take the handsome Grand Trunk train leaving Toronto daily at 9.00 a.m. with its Cafe Parlor car (meals a la carte) and get into a Pullman reaching Portland (631) miles for early breakfast next morning, without any change, this is also a through sleeper to Boston. The ride along Lake

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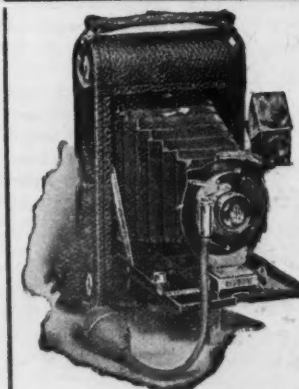
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FAST TRAINS TO MUSKOKA.

C.P.R. summer service is now in effect, 9.40 a.m. daily, except Sunday, to Bala, is the popular morning train. The 9.30 p.m. Winnipeg Express will, commencing June 26th, carry a sleeper for Bala, and commencing June 27th there will be a mid-day express for Bala, leaving at 12.05. Steamers meet trains at Bala and convey passengers to all points on Muskoka Lakes. Pittsburgh people, a large number of whom summer in Muskoka every year, recognize the C.P.R. as the ideal line to the lakes, and for their benefit a special Pittsburgh-Bala sleeper will be run after June 26th, but, needless to say, the convenience of Toronto passengers has been especially studied in arranging the train times.

Lady Gay's Column

ABOUT the last week in March I received a foreword of the coming of the Temagami Club, which is now about to throw open its privileges and advantages to the woman who works. This new venture is a village of tents, called Wa-bi-kon Camp (and you may search me for the translation of the aboriginal-looking name), and is situated on Lake Temagami, about twenty miles from the railway station, to which a steamer plies regularly. The management have dining hall, dancing tent, boats and canoes, free for the campers, and the party is limited to seventy-five. Two meals a day are delivered, and a doctor is in residence. The camp is divided into two sections, one for girls alone, and the other for married couples, and in case there should be a suggestion of Adamless Eden for the former, through this bald statement, I might mention that one of the adjacent places of interest is Keewadin Camp, where the United States college men do rusticate! The price of a fortnight's sojourn at Camp Wa-bi-kon, including expenses to and from Toronto, is (please don't smile!) \$38.35. Miss Orr, of 481 Euclid avenue, is secretary, and will give particulars for which I have not space here.

The coteries of winter are beginning to scatter for the vacation, which, in many cases, includes the months of July and August. Somehow one feels a bit sorry for folk who may make holiday any time, since they miss the joyous welcome which greets these two months from the workers, who are tied down to the treadmill all the other ten. "Where are you going?" query the professor, the lawyer, the parson, the odds and ends of journalism, or any other happy beings who can slip out of harness. One says, with a curiously complacent tone: "Oh, to the seaside—down the Maine coast—we've gone there for twenty years!" And another has some country farm or village or pointless habitation, wherein his young run wild each summer. Swarms of single folk go "home," as one calls the specks of love-land far across the sea, and others, by ones and twos, find out new and far away stamping grounds, either in the home country or elsewhere. One man I know has a lair, of which he never speaks, but of which he unwarily whispered to me once. For half a dozen summers he has fled his comrades, and clad in weird butternut jeans, old faded jerseys, canvas shoes, that never will be white, or cow-hide boots, that never will be black, an old fore-and-aft linen cap that never was clean, or a battered old fedora that tilts in a drunkenly reckless slant; in these unthinkable garments this man loafs and smokes and dreams, and some time later we get the essence of his visions, for one dollar and fifty cents the volume. "Where are you going?" people ask him, as he strolls into a club or lounges on a yacht. "Into the wilds, I suppose," he murmurs, knowing just the spot under the pines where his little shack hides, just the grimness of the rock which shelters it, with a cunning cave for the boat and sail, and a little trickle of mountain spring ten yards away. Some day he has promised to take me there, when he makes up his mind not to spend any more summers in that lair, but I am not counting upon seeing it!

For me, it will be another island, and may it please me as well as did Ireland, Manxland and Newfoundland! In the former one has holy places, and in the second a particularly beauty spot, the peer of which is not. Down East one's heart calls for rock and surf and cave and headland and the quaint speech and power of a people one loves, in a country one adores. But there is a certain island also calling this summer, and my ear hears its voice, far, sweet, with a turn of the tongue that stirs the blood from two generations back. And mixing with its whisper, and mingling with its call is the tramp of sabots and the rattle of cars in rude rowlocks, and the sweep of red sails into the sunset, and an odor of Benedictine, and the scent of wild roses, and the touch of crisp wind, and the soft "sough" of the tide, and the flat salt taste of seaweed on the tongue. And so I must go there!

For a couple of years I've been too busy, or too indifferent, to make a sortie to the Point across the bay, but one cool night this week the

pretty girl and I went over. It looked so new and bright, and, even in two years, so much prettier and better planned. And as we loitered along the bayside, or strolled in and out of the crowds, or squalled and gasped on the scenic railway dips, or played the tumble game for prizes, or hilariously watched the merry-go-rounders, or entered into the other dozen and one gaieties of the Point, we realized what a blessing is being curtailed for future citizens by the indifference and stupidity of their representatives. You and I may live to see Toronto a big city, and, to the more regret, the more we realize that the Island was allowed to wash away while men slept. In spite of the crowd there was order, a seemingly respect and a pleasant good-humor that full-moon night, and only here and there was heard that strident chiding of bairns, disputing of young folks, or bullying of women folk, which the newly-arrived "Sparrow" brings to the Point and other places. A half-sleepy, half-intoxicated man leaned on the railing, faintly calling in Cockney tones: "Heh, Miss; I s'y, Miss!" to any female who passed. Presently he vanished, gathered promptly into line by a grave Bobby, to whom he instantly submitted. People paid no attention whatever to him, either at large or a prisoner. A man made a rush into the crowd at the gate; his wife and family were "somewhere in the c'ye'e"; he snorted. The Bobby rebukingly lifted him back and admonished him to keep cool. No one would steal them there, and the wild husband and father slunk, cowed and ashamed, to the end of the procession. No one paid the least attention to that either. We laughed, but then we were new and green, and had hysterically enjoyed the yawn of the blase tiger on the merry-go-round, the airy pigs with saddles on, the giddy prance of the Billy goat, and the cov sprimer of the giraffe. Whoever made the animals in that whirl of irresponsible joy and gladness was a humorist of the deepest dye. Don't miss the lion, either!

When one begins saving, planning and writing about holidays one is led to consider the people who can take none, with a wider and deeper sympathy than common. I don't wish to harrow you who read by reciting the dire case of many men, women and children in our city, who freeze in winter and bake in summer, with the passive heroism of the inevitable. But there are funds which are carefully managed by honest secretaries for the amelioration of the summer-half of this distress, and it is a good and gracious act to augment them, if one have the means. Even one week in the country, on the green grass under the green trees, braces up some poor woman or some puny child wonderfully.

LADY GAY.



The above COLUMN must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances correspondents do not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. 1 enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Billy B. (Hamilton)—Kindly read rule four.

Nanaya.—Your writing shows a lot of push, ambition and buoyancy. It has the gifts of youth and faith in yourself. You are enthusiastic, appreciative and generous-minded. April 4 brings you under Arles, a fire sign, the first of that triplicity. It is called a most favorable sign. Your success depends upon push, energy and systematic effort. Knowledge is of great importance, lose no chance of acquiring it, and don't think a smattering is enough. Go deep and still deeper into any study you take up, for learning comes easy to Arles. It's a very responsive sign. One of the Arles trouble-makers is envious and jealous feeling toward others. To be dignified, broad-minded, patient and calm is the mark of good development. "Mirage" will largely what you make it. Arles, more than any other sign, can make or break the harmony of two lives. They quite often do the latter.

B. (Hamilton)—Sept. 15 brings you under Virgo, an earth sign, naturally materialistic and matter of fact, but being wondrous when spiritualized. Your writing shows much susceptibility and rather a strong animal instinct, tenacity of purpose and good common sense. You are frank and unsuspicious, fond of social pleasures, desiring neither to rule nor direct, fairly self-satisfied, but lacking determination and snap. It is the writing of a natural Virgo, full of power, life and strength on a strictly material plane. Come up higher, friend.

Interested.—This is a pleasant, good-tempered, adaptable and somewhat mercurial lady, bright and averse to pessimistic views of life. Love of beauty and harmony show plainly, also a fairly good opinion of yourself; active and busy life, good business ability, long thought, imagination and love of praise. Writer may be very strongly opinionated, but would have the gift of pleasing and ingratiating expression. There is good indepen-

dence and a friendly tone in your nature. You should be exact, methodical and efficient, not easily won by emotional appeal, a natural teacher and fond of children. Your birthday brings you on the Chasp of Sagittarius-Capricorn, so that the social and intellectual ambition of the latter sign is modified by the democratic attributes of the former. It is a strong combination and produces happy, useful and companionable people.

Sex.—April 27 brings you under Taurus, the head sign of the earth triplicity. You are a typical Taurus in force of will, strong material instincts, direct and persistent purpose, and tendency to let things of time and space engross your horizon. You may easily worry over things and become morbid in consequences. You are often a law unto yourself and quite often have right as well as might on your side. You don't often see your way confining in others, and are generally prudent and reticent about your own business. It is a fine foundation for that character development which Taurus so nobly achieves. When you are thus building let anger, mistrust and any sort of grievance against fate and the world be put far from you. Your temperament is sanguine, and you are probably an aggressive and determined individual who you get a fair show. There is power and clarity of expression and much honesty shown in your lines. Just a little spirit-unziling, gentleness and control and you'll be a Taurus to be proud of.

Tattycoram.—There was another, alas! and she wanted me to get her an invitation somewhere, which was impossible, and offered me a fee for doing it, which was the reason for the serious slapping I gave her. She was a lady from the other side, and said that was a procedure not unknown in her native city. Happily we don't sell the hospitality of our friends here. So you see your letter wasn't confused, good hearty one; you didn't count a hundred before jumping to that conclusion as you should have done. I used your letter a few weeks ago—and now for your delineation. January 19 brings you under Capricorn, the last earth sign, and is governed by Saturn, whose influence often helps to beloud the horizon. Good advice is to travel, be busy and keep informed of the world's doings and progress, for the sign is above sign and intellect, and often finds it hard to fully grasp the worth of the spiritual in development. One must always appeal to the reason of Capricorn to be convincing. The nature is to do big things and neglect detail. A Capricorn can seldom believe that genius is simply the capacity for taking infinite pains. This people need to learn and practice economy, to be restrained in insisting on the slightest, without due regard for proportion, not try and do half a dozen things at once, to be moderate and cultivate sympathy and tenderness. Avoid pessimism and doubt, too much talk and too little action seeking of the unknown. I believe these hints will do you better than a delineation, but you may believe that I find great cleverness and force in your lines.

Canadian Girl.—Feb. 26 brings you under Pisces, a double water sign, full of attraction and having a deep love of nature and a sensitiveness to injustice and criticism that often makes it unhappy, sullen or obstinate. Pisces people can be noble, generous and helpful. They generally are, and when they keep base and ignoble thoughts out of their minds rise to a rare beauty and worth. Pisces belongs to the feet, which may lead the whole body into clean and lovely walks or into foul and muddy places. Pisces people are naturally discriminating and can be trusted in fine positions and responsibilities. Your writing shows a fair progress with both faults and virtues. You have good expression, sympathy, practical method, energy and inspiration.

Cosmos.—Write more of Newfoundland? You just wait and I'll give you some other island soon. Not that it can supplant the rock-bound one I love best of all, but it will be interesting, I fancy in a month or so—I'll tell you all about it later on. Am I a fat old gentleman? Well, not exactly. The other alternative suits me better. Ask the boys if you don't believe me. They call me the exact words you used. Living up to my name doesn't cause me any sleepless nights. I am naturally cheerful and lighthearted and never want things I can't have. Your writing is very good; you are smart and able, good at figures, clear and concise in expression, independent and sweet-tempered, prudent and practical. Fool's Day was happy, thank you. It began by my feeling as being fooled with great success, which is, of course, the proper thing. Thanks for the story about the gems, poor dreamer!

Lewis.—If you found upon investigation that your viewpoint had been set before the public half a century ago, I was simply a matter of nerve and psychodermatousness whether you published your essay or not. Probably there were plenty of people who took it in as a novelty, so you benefited them. Of course, the enjoyment of its presentation, which may happen to any of us. The few things we say have always been said before, but we may get the first chance at them for good sake. We are, I prefer, keen sensitiveness and appreciation, or quiet nerves and dull wit? Oh, Lewis, which? You know quite well. Your writing is not steady enough for delineation.

Jesse James.—Not old enough, no fortune enough, kiddie. Long may you continue to enthrall the Fergus girls, the brood of a bold highwayman that you are! October 10 brings you under Libra an Air sign. Your success and happiness depend upon being energetic, ambitious and informed. Never worry over losses, troubles or obstacles. The moment you begin to do so, you're in danger. You must feel sure you can win, and you will. Shun any approach to gambling, which often wrecks the daring Libra. Never borrow, another Libra mistake, and curb impatience, a Libra weakness.

Henry O.—Is the viewpoint so different? You do look a female suffrage conventional. Christianity, faultfinding narrow horizon, dependence, a long face and a touchy dignity? Faith, I don't believe you, my good man, whose letter is most interesting, gratifying and becomingly modest. Lady Gay's best regards to you; and she believes every word you wrote—all except the dodging by the ladies. Virgo folks (August 21 to Sept. 22), are of the earth, earthy, and don't often marry young and sometimes not too happy, owing to a critical, analytical and exacting way they have. When you do get into double harness, Henry, be sure and love your wife's faults alone. It will be hard work for you, because Virgo always is so ready to correct the shortcomings of others. (That, I fancy, is why they are such good proof-readers!) Your writing shows a good flow of ideas, ease of expression and some loquacity, with a preference for form and ceremony in serious matters, and a resentment of careless or undignified bearing. This is a Virgo trait which opens one of the numerous channels of criticism. You are persevering, careless of detail, bright and sometimes speculative in thought, rather fond of active pursuits, healthy and awake to all the outdoor influences, fond of trees, flowers and creatures. Your good opinion of yourself is rather justified. It's not the things you have, but the things you lack that should jar it. Success to finding them!

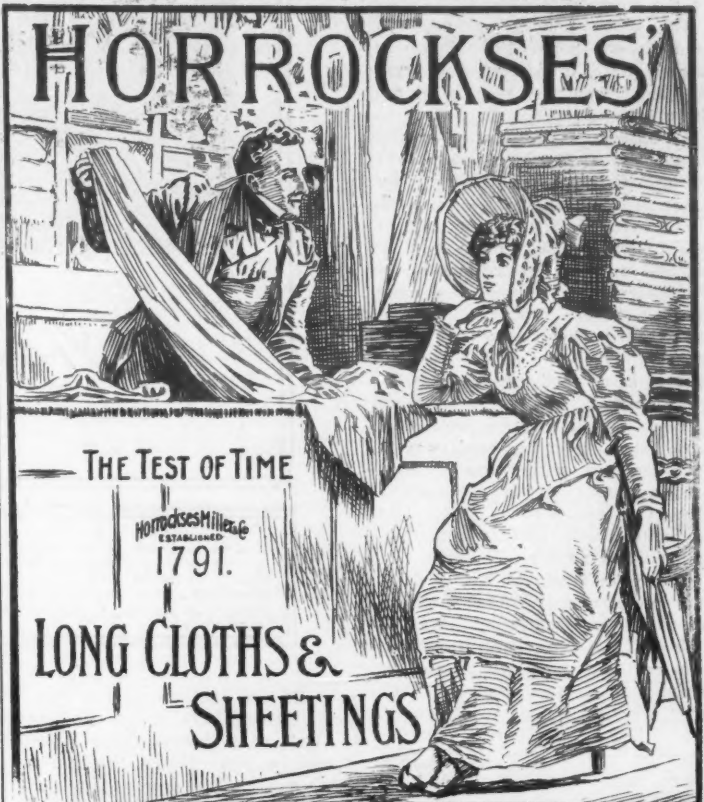
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Mr. Gnagg Has a Half Holiday

He is Reminded that his Wife has an Appetite, and Presents his Opinions as They Make for a Restaurant.

MR. GNAGG is a creature of the New York Sun's fertile imagination. He is a somewhat coarse person, but very human—therefore very interesting. Mr. Gnagg, making a half holiday of it at Coney Island with Mrs. Gnagg, contributes as follows to the gaiety of the outing:

Oh, you're hungry, are you? Of course you're hungry! I might have known you'd be hungry and begin to moan about it as soon as we got down here.

I'd as lief to take four young 'uns to a picnic as to take you anywhere for an afternoon. We only had lunch an hour or so ago—oh, well, then, three or four hours ago, if you've got to pick my words to pieces—and here you are making my life miserable moaning for more food.

I'd like to know why you're always hungry when I'm not. Your face is like a full moon now from overeating and it's just a waste of money for you to have these mass-seuse fakes drub and pound away at your countenance to reduce its jowliness as long as you insist upon eating ten or fifteen times a day. You ought to see a doctor about that hallucinatory appetite of yours.

Please don't ask me, the next fat woman we meet, if I think you're as fat as she is. You're as fat as all of 'em, if not fatter, and it's all because of this mania for food that you've got. You haven't got any more waistline than a coal barge, and all because you permit your imagination to run riot all the time you're awake on the question of food.

Oh, well, I suppose I'll have to take you somewhere and feed you or I won't have a minute's peace of my life. Where d'ye want to go? Oh, it doesn't make a particle of difference to me. Just steer for any old food plant you want to and I'll sit down and watch you eat yourself to a state of stupefaction. Of course you'll pick out some hot, stuffy place, full of stale, steamy odors of food, and where there isn't a breath of air.

We might just as well have stayed in the city as to've come down here. If I'd known that you were coming down to Coney solely to plant yourself at some gummy table and eat right through the bill of fare I'd have cancelled the expedition—and I might have known that that's what you'd do at that.

You want to go in there? Oh, of course you do, because you always have to wait about a week to get served in that place. I suppose you'd like to have me swelter around in that dump trying to catch the eye of a waiter until midnight or later. Well, you've got another guess.

I come down here to get a lungful of sea breeze after working myself to the verge of nervous prostration and you've hardly got off the train before you pull this famished wail on me, and the best I get is a seat in front of a greasy tablecloth in a malodorous corner of a beanery. Edifying, isn't it, to sit around about nine-tenths of the time and watch a woman eat?

Ye-eh, I suppose these fellows that duck the matrimonial game are bone conks, aren't they? Ye-eh. They're foolish just like Mr. Reynard, that's what they are. When Bill Hardy—I saw him in the crowd on Surf avenue—gets the hunch to come down to Coney he comes by himself, because he's had the sense to dodge the bell, book and candle business.

He positively grinned at me out of the tail of his eye when he caught sight of me on Surf avenue. He was giving me the internal laugh, of course. And I don't blame a bachelor for chuckling inside of him when he sees us sapheads of tied and hobbled ones being tagged after by our wives every minute of the time and every place we manage to get to. Great old time I'm having of it! Such larks!

How's that? One of those hot roast beef sandwiches will do you? Not much! I'll take you to some place where you can begin with clams and then catapult right through the menu, down to Roquefort cheese. If I didn't, why, the very next time you got picky you'd toss it up to me that I never gave you enough to eat when I took you out, and you'd pass the word around among all of your female friends that I was a tightwad who absolutely refused to satisfy your hunger pangs—I guess I don't know! Where are you going? That's it, get



Mr. Warman's new book of prose and verse entitled "Weigh of Temagami and Other Indian Tales," has just been published in very handsome form by McLeod & Allen, Toronto, and has already attracted very favorable comment in the press for the simplicity and charm of the author's work. Mr. Warman is at present on a trip to Prince Rupert, gathering material for future work.

yourself lost, like a Rivington street kid in Central Park, so that I'll have to send out a general Coney Island alarm for you! How's that? You didn't notice where I was going, and the crowd separated us? Oh, of course! You were thinking so keenly about the cats that you fell into a trance, and in about two more minutes you'd have let 'em nudge you right into the sea.

Here, try to stick alongside of me as long as that's part of the game. Now never mind handing out those black looks to men that accidentally brush into you. I suppose they've got as much right to walk here as you have. I suppose you'd be tickled foolish if you got me mixed up in a chaw and then a fight with about nineteen members of the Monk Eastman gang, wouldn't you? Is that what you're playing for?

D'ye think I'm going to wheel around and take a punch at every man that happens to jostle you a little bit in this howling mob? I'd get fat doing that. And you're pretty well padded, from excessive eating to stand a little jostling.

That's it, stand there and eye that hot corn in that wolfish way of yours! I suppose you'd like to have me stop and let you hit up a couple o' dozen of roaring ears slapped up with butter from a paint brush, wouldn't you? That'd make a hit among whatever friends of mine might happen along and see the performance.

Maybe you'd like a hatful of these hot dog sandwiches merely as a little appetizer before we reach some place where I can start you rollicking off through the whole eating performance from canape to crackers? Huh!

Say, there's a lot of stringy hairs flopping around on the back of your neck. Can't you hook 'em up or something? How's that? The curl won't stay in your hair down here by the salt water?

Well, I guess your hair is different from the hair of all the rest of the women on the globe, hey? The hair of all the other women I see around here looks fine and dandy instead of stringy and moist and soggy, but I suppose the salt water doesn't have any effect upon their hair, eh? Is that it?

By the way, it's a wonder you wouldn't have those tan shoes polished. They look as if you'd worn 'em for a couple of weeks while house hunting on Staten Island in the rain. It only costs a nickel to have 'em slicked up a little you know, and it's a wonder you couldn't attend to these things without my suggesting them.

How's that? You don't like to sit up on the bootblack stands because women attract so much attention that way? Well, I suppose I wanted you to perch yourself on a boot-black stand at the corner of Forty-second street and Broadway and have your shoes polished there, didn't I?

All the other women I see around here have nice looking feet, because their shoes have got some shine on them. Some of them, I dare say,

are not above polishing their shoes themselves if they're finical about shoe polishing stands.

You've always got some sort of an excuse, anyhow. You're the original Mrs. Rebate, all right enough, and it's a wonder Teddy hasn't sent a message to Congress about you.

I'd like to know why the dickens I allowed you to drag me down to such a howling inferno as this anyhow. You know how I despise mobs, and yet you wheedle and cajole and bamboozle me into coming down to this hideous—

How's that? I suggested our coming? Well, I wonder which of the drowsy hop syrups you're hitting up now? I suggested it? Why, I was corked off on the couch trying to take a little nap for myself after lunch when you all but dragged me by the hair of the head down here, and you know it.

But never mind. This thing can't go on always. You women overplay the game, that's all; and when you lose out, why, you go sniffling and weeping around and you never understand just why it was that you'd happen to lose out.

No, never mind. We won't go into Luna Park or Dreamland or anywhere else until you've been fed. I guess I know my little book. I've tried taking you around before you'd been foddered before.

What's the matter with you, anyhow? You haven't opened your mouth for half an hour. Why don't you smoke up and try to give an imitation of amiability anyhow? Here you tramp and mosey along as if you were being imposed upon by the whole world, and nobody'd ever imagine to look at you that I'd sacrificed the only half day I have off all week to fetch you down here and stake you to a good time.

Well, we'll go in here. This is the place to eat at Coney. What do you want to eat? Oh, anything, hey? That's definite. Well, we'll have a double sirloin and some hashed and browned potatoes and some French peas and some asparagus and some summer squash and some chicken livers and some tomato and lettuce salad and some—

Huh? You don't want all that? Well who said you did? I suppose you'll permit me to have a little mouthful to eat myself, won't you, after kiting you all over Coney for the better part of an afternoon?

I guess you'll allow me to have a little nibble anyway, won't you? I'm not a bit hungry, of course, but as long as you're going to spend all of your time down here eating, why, I may as well string along myself and get a little nourishment against the miseries awaiting me.

"Vive le Directoire!"

THE Directoire gown, interdicted in Paris as shocking and causing the arrest of its fair wearers on a charge of indecent exposure, was pronounced merely "outré" when it appeared a few days ago in Chicago. To the Paris police the offence seems to have been in the fact that beneath this clinging, snake-like skin of cloth the supple curves as God

made them flowed with undisguised grace. Parisian propriety, be it understood, admits only the outline built by the corsetiere as proper to be displayed, and draws the "dead line" at the rhythmic curves of nature. Is our American chivalry responsible for this milder term of censure, we wonder, or have the long trailing gowns of a few seasons past calloused our finer sensibilities to so slight an expose as the directoire gown offers? It is within the memory of all when women wore long gowns that swept the street, surely above criticism on the point of inadequacy to their reason for being. But when those sweeping draperies were gathered up in the hand or wound around the figure and tucked under the arm in order to make locomotion possible, the height of the elevation was not always dictated by the decorous limit of the directoire slit-up. And there was no less uncertainty as to the color of miladi's stockings during the reign of the unimpeachable trailing skirt than there will be with this incoming style. In proof thereof, listle thread open-work, we are bound to admit, had as great a vogue during the trailing-skirt days as it must have with the new skirts, with the exception, possibly, that the open-work may no longer be wrought in the accepted "boot" style.

Straight from Paris, however, during recent years have come to us much greater abnormalities of fashion that have caused neither arrests nor hangings—the lingerie blouse, for instance, in its sweet simplicity of style and candor of cut, leaving no guesses as to what underlies its omissions. With nothing more formidable than the lampoons from pulpit and paragrapher, this abomination has become an established fact. Draughty and conducive to pulmonary troubles may be charged against it, but the woman who chooses to wear it has the freedom of the world unquestioned. Also the woman who goes to hotel table and restaurant clad ostensibly for the street in hat, high-necked gown with aggressively high collar, sleeves down to her wrists, suggesting a puritanical prudery, is not debarred from the public gaze because sleeves, low-cut yoke and collar are of the filmiest lace and chiffon the weaver's cunning can devise, so unobtrusive, in fact, the sun may freckle the fair skin beneath its polka-dotted nothingness. Or even when the decree of fashion is for sleeves that stop at the point where the dimples wink in plump elbows and show the soft curve of the upper arm, the fair owner may loll, chin on palm, and elbow on table—provided it is pink and plump—with no fear of police regulations.

At all times and under all circumstances the omnipotent dictum of fashion having pronounced it the correct thing for a woman to be outside her clothes when most decorously in them, it is "hands off" for the police, and he who seeks to legislate on the question of abbreviation or elongation, or interpose laws between curve and curious eye, is sure to find himself, with the Paris police, the laughing stock of the moment. At any rate, with this auspicious heralding we may as well make up our minds to the fact that the slit-up has come to stay until feminine humanity sees fit to spring another sensation in omissions. And in view of the fact that the directoire gown, so far as it has appeared, is moderately high of neck, somewhat comprehensive as to sleeve, the slit-up of the skirt is prescribed to a certain limit on a proportionate scale of grace, we are ready to join the ranks and shout with the leaders of the Directory, "Vive le Directoire!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN FISHER is a personal friend of His Majesty as he was of the late Queen Victoria. "Jacky" Fisher, as he is affectionately called in the Navy, is one of the hardest worked men in the Empire, and his reputation for discipline has made him almost as much feared as he is admired.

Sir John's devotion to duty is such that he will brook no shirking from any man under him, and woe betide the unfortunate officer or "handy man" who dares to question his authority.

A certain captain once sent word that it was impossible to get his ship to such and such a place on a given date. "Umph," replied Sir John, "tell Captain Blank that if he is not ready to leave for X—on the day named, I'll have him towed there." The late Queen Victoria once asked Sir John to be particularly nice to a noted French Admiral who was coming on a visit to our shores. "Ma'am," said Sir John, with his courtliest air, "I will kiss him if your Majesty desires it."

The Widow—Is yo' sho' yo' lubs me? Sammy—Co'se I's sho'. The Widow—(suspiciously)—Yo' ain't los' yo' job, is yo'?—Ex.

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I'VE noticed when a fellow dies, no matter what he's been—A saintly chap or one whose life was darkly steeped in sin—His friends forget the bitter words they spoke but yesterday. And now they find a multitude of pretty things to say. I fancy when I go to rest some one will bring to light Some kindly word or goodly act long buried out of sight; But, if it's all the same to you, just give to me instead The bouquets while I'm living and the knocking when I'm dead.

Don't save your kisses to imprint upon my marble brow. While countless maledictions are hurled upon me now; Say just one kindly word to me while I mourn here alone, And don't save all your eulogy to carve upon a stone! What do I care if when I'm dead The Bloomingdale Gazette Gives me a write-up with a cut in mourning borders set; It will not flatter me a bit, no matter what is said, So kindly throw your bouquets now and knock me when I'm dead.

It may be fine, when one is dead, to have the folks talk so, To have the flowers come in loads from relatives, you know; It may be nice to have these things for those you leave behind, But just as far as I'm concerned, I really do not mind. I'm quite alive and well to-day, and while I linger here, Lend me a helping hand at times—give me a word of cheer, Just change the game a little bit, just kindly swap the decks, For I will be no judge of flowers when I've cashed in my checks. —Louis E. Thayer in New York Sun.

He Didn't Worry.

HIS name was Hezekiah Doolittle and he was blessed with a sanguine temperament. When he proposed to Annie Warner she inquired what means he had with which to support a wife. "None whatever," said the cheerful Hezekiah, "but poverty is no disgrace, and some day I expect to strike it rich."

They were married and went to live with Annie's parents "until something turned up." Hezekiah passed by the small jobs, looking for something big, but he was always on hand for meals.

Annie fretted because they were a burden on her parents and chided him for his inaction.

"Don't worry," said he. "It will spoil your beauty."

Hezekiah lived up to his own creed and refused to worry, no matter how great the provocation. Even when Annie's parents turned them out he was perfectly calm. "The Lord will provide," he exclaimed placidly, but his wife wasted no time in talk. She rented a small cottage, bought some furniture on credit and took in washing.

"The debt on the furniture will soon be due," she reminded him one day.

"Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you," quoted Hezekiah.

So his wife did plain sewing at night to increase their scanty income. Then a baby was born and Annie was unable to work. "What shall we do?" she cried.

"Don't worry. It will injure your health," soothed Hezekiah. "I am

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still expecting something to turn up.

Annie's folks helped them for a year and then she rented a larger house and took in boarders.

"The rent will soon be due," she told her husband as she glanced anxiously at the calendar.

"Take no thought for the morrow," reproved Hezekiah. "The morrow will take thought for the things of itself."

Annie worked harder. Her cares increased as the family increased, and she lost her beauty, her health and her temper.

"You worry too much," remonstrated her husband. "Why don't you take a hopeful view of life, as I do?"

Human endurance has its limits, and the end came at last. Annie died of overwork, her parents took the children and the hopeful Hezekiah was left to shift for himself. "The world owes me a living," said he, as he took to the road. As he tramped out of the village, past the little country cemetery, his eye sought out the unmarked grave of his wife and he sighed.

"The ways of Providence are inscrutable," he murmured resignedly. "She was a good wife, but she would worry."—Youth's Companion.

"Do you know the value of an oath?" asked the judge of an old dandy who was to be the next witness. "Yes, sah, I does. One ob dese yeah lawyers done gib me foah dollars for to swear to suffin. Dat's the value of an oath. Foah dollars, sir." And then there was consternation in the court-room.—St. Joseph News.

Old Maid (in upper berth of Pullman, ringing bell violently)—Porter! Porter—Yaas, ma'am. Old Maid—I'm sure there's a man under my bed!—Bohemian.

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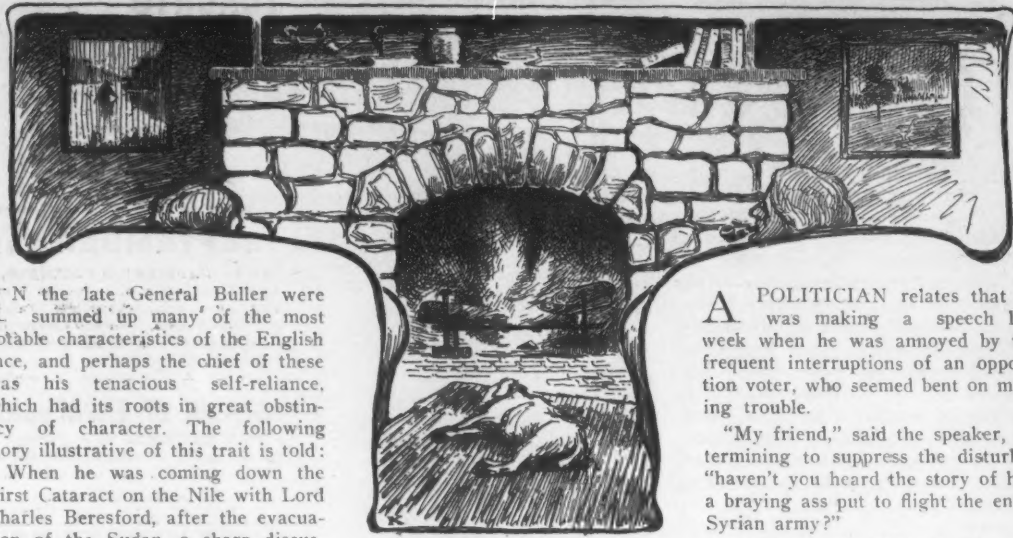
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IN the late General Buller were summed up many of the most notable characteristics of the English race, and perhaps the chief of these was his tenacious self-reliance, which had its roots in great obstinacy of character. The following story illustrative of this trait is told:

When he was coming down the First Cataract on the Nile with Lord Charles Beresford, after the evacuation of the Sudan, a sharp discussion arose as to which was the proper channel for the gunboat to take. Buller advised one and Beresford another, but in the end Buller's channel was followed, with perfect success.

"You see I was right," he chuckled exultantly.

"Not at all," retorted Lord Charles Beresford. "I knew it was the right one myself; I only recommended the other because I knew you would oppose whatever I said!"

SENATOR TILLMAN at a banquet in Washington said, in a humorous defence of outspoken and frank methods:

"These people who always keep calm fill me with mistrust. Those that never lose their temper I suspect. He who wears under abuse an angelic smile is apt to be a hypocrite."

"An old South Carolina deacon once said to me with a chuckle:

"Keep yo' tempah, son. Don't yo' quarrel with no angry pusson. A soft answah am alus best. Hit's commanded an', furthermo', hit makes 'em maddah'n anything else you' could say."

IT is notorious (says an English sporting writer) that golfers, like anglers, have a reputation for either drawing the long bow or making excuses. I thought I knew every excuse that could be made, from the man who missed a short putt because a lark was singing just above his head to the grumbler who complained that a caddy moved just as he was driving, but this week I heard a new one. It was apropos of the international balloon race. One of the balloons eventually landed on the Ashford Manor course, and the excuse advanced by one player was surely quite original.

When he entered the club he remarked: "Who the dickens could put with a balloon hovering over your head dropping on you?"

PRINCE DE SAGAN, talking about music the other day mentioned the violinist, Ysaye.

"The plump, pale Ysaye," he said, "with his lock that hangs down over his face to his chin, is very, very proud."

"A millionaire bootmaker invited Ysaye to dine with him last year in Nice."

"After dinner the millionaire brought out a violin and asked Ysaye to play. The musician bit his lip, but taking the instrument he played several beautiful morceaux."

"Afterward, in Paris, Ysaye invited the millionaire to dinner in his turn. There was a distinguished company present. After dinner, as they were all at coffee in the salon, a servant brought the host a pair of old boots."

"Ysaye took the boots and handed them gravely to his millionaire guest. 'But what am I to do with these?' the guest demanded, holding the boots awkwardly in his lap beside his cup."

"Ysaye smiled vindictively and flung his long lock behind his ear. 'In Nice,' he said, 'you asked me after dinner to play for you. Now I ask you to mend these boots for me. Each to his trade, you know.'"

THE secretary of a periodical published not far from New York City, and noted for the literary flavor of its editorial pages, recently received a letter from a subscriber asking for the address of George Meredith. The secretary had a careful examination made of the long pay roll of the company, but the search was in vain. A reply was, therefore, sent to the subscriber couched in this language:

"We are very sorry that we are unable to give you the address of George Meredith. But if you will write to Joe Meredith, of our St. Louis office, perhaps you can ascertain it from him."

THE Chicago News fails to name the hero of this story, but has it that the visitor to the home of a well-known Hoosier State author found his three youngsters romping in the hallway.

"What are you playing, boys?" he inquired.

"We are playing pirates," elucidated the smallest.

"Pirates? Why, how can you play pirates in Indiana? There are no seas bordering on this State."

"Oh, we don't need any seas. We are literary pirates, like pa."

And five minutes later a chorus of yells from behind the barn told that the hand that wields the pen can also wield the shingle.

AS a reward for good behavior Johnny was allowed to come to the dinner table when company was expected. He wanted to appear big, too, so he chose a low chair which brought his mouth just to the top of the table. But he didn't mind this, because it was on a line with his plate, and he was not so likely to drop anything while eating. He ate ravenously of everything, having nothing to say to the guests, as his mother had told him to remember that good children are seen, not heard. Finally, after dessert, when there was a lull in the conversation, he exclaimed:

"Dad, you can't guess what I've got under the table?"

"No, my son," said his father, with an indulgent glance; "what is it?"

"Stomachache!" shouted Johnny gleefully.

"ONE time," said Secretary Taft to some newspaper men not long ago, "three ministers wanted to cross the Mississippi river to attend a revival at a place which boasted of no regular ferry. Brother Syles and Brother Beamish were fine specimens of humanity—at least two hundred pounds apiece—but their companion was a mite of a man weighing scarcely one hundred and twenty-five. They got a boatman to take them over, but in midstream a severe thunder-shower came up and the waves threatened to capsize the boat."

"Brother Syles," said Brother Beamish, "I think we had better join in prayer."

"Do you, though?" shouted the boatman. "Wall, I say you don't! You two big ones come here and lend a hand at the oars—an' let the skinny fellow pray!"

ONE-ARMED man entered a restaurant and seated himself next to a dapper little other-people's-business man. The latter noticed his neighbor's left sleeve hanging loose and kept eyeing it in a how-did-it-happen sort of a way. Finally the inquisitive one could stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat and said: "I beg pardon, sir, but I see you have lost an arm."

The one-armed man picked up his sleeve with his right hand and peered anxiously into it. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, looking up with great surprise. "I do believe you're right!"

"HAROLD," Mrs. Thomson began, thoughtfully, "I've been thinking a lot about you lately."

"Something nice?" questioned Mr. Thomson, with hopeful inflection.

"Do you know," Mrs. Thomson went on, quite ignoring her husband's bid for flattery, "that since we have lived here in the country and you have gone back and forth to the city every day you have seen absolutely nothing of the children?"

"I don't see how that can be helped," replied Mr. Thomson. "When I leave in the morning they are not up, and when I come back in the evening they're in bed."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Thomson, "that is so, but you might at least send them a souvenir post card now and then."

A POLITICIAN relates that he was making a speech last week when he was annoyed by the frequent interruptions of an opposition voter, who seemed bent on making trouble.

"My friend," said the speaker, determining to suppress the disturber, "haven't you heard the story of how a braying ass put to flight the entire Syrian army?"

"Don't you be afraid of this audience," shouted back the disturber of the meeting, "there ain't no danger of it stampeding. You've tested it."

SOME English navvies in a railway coach were once in loud conversation, swearing boisterously the while. One of them was especially fluent.

"My friend," said another passenger in shocked tones, "where did you learn to use such language?"

"Learn!" cried the navvy. "You can't learn it, guv'nor. It's a gift, that's wot it is."

A YOUNG man had been calling now and then on a young lady when one night, as he sat in the parlor waiting for her to come down, her mother entered the room instead and asked him in a very grave, stern way what his intentions were.

He turned very red and was about to stammer some incoherent reply when suddenly the young lady called down from the head of the stairs: "Mamma, mamma, that is not the one!"

WHILE President Roosevelt was holding an open-air reception at Syracuse, a tall negro, pushed his way forward through the crowd and eagerly grasped his hand.

"Yo' 'n me war bo'n on the same day, Mistah Roosevelt!" the darky enthusiastically said, his shining black face almost cleft from ear to ear by a grin.

"De-lighted, indeed, to hear it!" warmly responded the President, taking a fresh grip on the black hand and laughing heartily. "So you and I were born on the same day? Well, well!"

"Yo' am fo'ty-seven years old, suh?"

"I am," was the quick answer.

"An' yo' war bo'n on Octobah 17, 1858!"

"Yes."

"Ya-as suh," then exclaimed the darky, shaking all over with rapture; "ya-as suh, Mr. Roosevelt, yo' an' me is bofe twins!"

SCOTCHMAN, wishing to know his fate at once, telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After spending the entire day at the telegraph office he was finally rewarded late in the evening by an affirmative answer.

"If I were you," suggested the operator when he delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl that kept me waiting all day for my answer."

"Na, na," retorted the Scot. "The lass who waits for the night rates is the lass for me."

THE ship doctor of an English liner notified the death-watch steward, an Irishman, that a man had died in stateroom 45. The usual instructions to bury the body were given. Some hours later the doctor peeked into the room and found that the body was still there. He called the Irishman's attention to the matter, and the latter replied:

"I thought you said room 46. I went to that room and noticed wan of thim in a bunk. 'Are ye dead?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'but I'm pretty near dead.'"

"So I buried him."

A CITY man tells of a dinner he once had at a farmhouse, on which occasion the *piece de resistance* was a particularly tough chicken.

Among the others at the table were the farmer's two young sons. These, as well as the visitor, were struggling unsuccessfully to make some impression on their respective portions of the aged fowl, when the youngest boy turned to his companion and observed, *sotto voce*:

"Tom, somehow I kinder wish old Dick hadn't a-died; don't you?"

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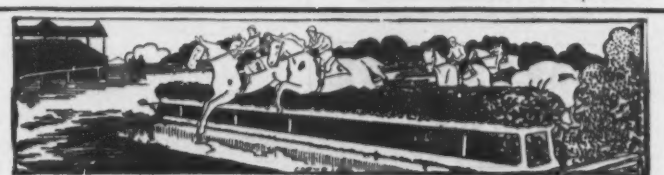


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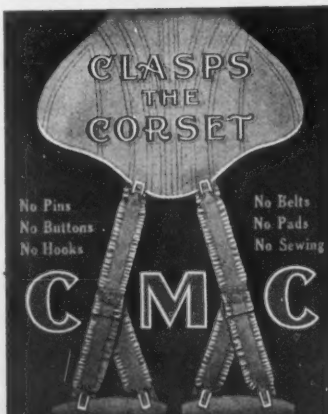
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Miss Florence Evelyn (Dolly) Kemp, second daughter of Mr. Albert E. Kemp, M.P., of Castle Frank, and Mr. Albert Henry Courtney Proctor, elder son of the late Mr. James A. Proctor, was celebrated in Sherbourne street Methodist church on Tuesday afternoon, June 16, at half-past two o'clock, in the presence of as many guests and spectators as the handsome edifice could contain. Rev. Dr. Jackson, the pastor, officiated, assisted by Rev. Dr. Cleaver of the Metropolitan church. The church was handsomely decorated with tall box trees, huge clumps of white and pink peonies and garlands of green, and before and during the service, Mr. Biakley, one of Canada's finest organists, played a number of beautiful airs, at the signal of the approach of the bride's procession, gliding from the Swedish wedding march to the Lohengrin bridal music, to which the pretty group approached the altar. The four ushers, Mr. Harry Martin, Mr. Harold Thorne, Mr. Zeb Lash and Mr. Walter Nicholls, led the way, followed by little Miss Margaret Kemp, then Miss Alice Burritt, who were flower-girls in dainty fichu frocks of finest mull with val lace and lavender sashes and hair-bows. They carried baskets of lilacs tied with mauve ribbons, and wore the groom's souvenir gifts, heart pins set with topaz. Miss Maude Proctor, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, and Miss Hazel Kemp, younger sister of the bride, was maid of honor. They were gowned alike in white satin Empire dresses with over-dresses of nion de soie, and lavender ribbons, yokes of filet lace, and large mauve mohair with strands of lilacs falling from a wreathing of mauve tulle, and brides of mauve tulle from brim to brim under their chins. Their bouquets were of lilacs and white acacia blooms, tied with mauve satin ribbons. Miss Kemp's bridal gown was of white coin spot nion de soie over satin, in Empire fashion, with soft train of the delicate nion falling from the shoulders, and exquisite lace forming a yoke and continuing en plastron down the front of the robe. The veil worn over the face was of tulle, and rested on a very novel wreath of white May, the round clusters of the hawthorne forming a complete garland over the splendid Titian-tinted hair of the fair bride. The bouquet was a *melange* of fragrance and beauty, white roses, white lilac, lily of the valley and purple lilac blending and falling in a graceful shower, knotted with strands of frilly chiffon and ferns. The bride wore a crescent of pearls and topaz, her bridegroom's gift, and looked the picture of happiness. Mr. Kemp brought in his daughter and gave her away, and Mr. Frank Sutherland was best man. The ceremony was quite brief, bride and groom making the responses in clear and earnest voices, and while the register was being signed Mrs. Campbell sang the recitative and aria from the "Marriage in Cana of Galilee," in a rich full tone. The bridal party and guests then drove or motored to Castle Frank, where Mrs. Kemp received them at the south door of the drawing room, the bride and groom receiving congratulations surrounded by pink flowers, roses and peonies in profusion. Outside on one half of the large verandah overlooking the terrace and wide lawn, fringed with great forest trees, an orchestra played charmingly, and across the lawn a huge white marquee was reared over a sumptuous buffet, centred by the tall *gâteau des nocces*, which was crowned with white roses, while the tables were done in pink blooms. Many small tables were carried out on the lawn in shady spots for the older guests, but a gay crowd of young people thronged about the bride in the marquee, where she cut the cake and where Dr. Jackson proposed her health, which toast was honored to the echo. Never was a more perfect day for a wedding, nor a more beautiful environment for a wedding feast, and one enthusiast thus expressed it: "Everything perfect, the time, the place and the girl." In the billiard room a constant stream of guests passed to and fro admiring the splendid gifts which completely filled the table and the wall-space all around the wide room. There was everything from a fairy gold thimble to a house and lot, the picture of the latter being on the table, with a little memo thereon to say it was 111 Glen road and Mr. Kemp's wedding-gift to his daughter. Dr. and Mrs. Hoskin of the Dale sent a large old-fashioned silver fern-pot filled with feathery ferns, Lady Mulock a box of pearl-handled silver dessert knives and forks. Two beautiful trays, one of mother-of-pearl inlay on ebony, and the other of hammered brass were admired, the brasses in every shape and style being unusually handsome, and some one said the bride was particularly fond of such things. Hundreds of gifts, rugs, furniture, pictures, jewels, silver, crystal, the sumptuous spoils of Hymen were in turn seen and admired, but are far too many to enumerate. After the dejeuner and speeches, Mrs. Proctor changed her charming gown for a trim costume de voyage of tailored cloth, and a wide brimmed hat wreathed with great ox-eye daisies, and arm in arm the young couple faced the throng of mischievous young folks armed with confetti, flowers and merry good wishes, who solidly packed the great hall of Castle Frank, and finally made their way down to their carriage, well pelted and blessed. A few friends went to the station and bade them *bon voyage* on their honeymoon by the sea. Among the many attractive and handsome matrons, the mother of the groom in her quiet black gown and bonnet was easily first, and many an admiring glance went her way. Mrs. Kemp's gown was of delicate grey silk voile, touched with lilac, and hat *en suite*. Mrs. Scott Wa'die, whose wedding was one of the pretty memories of Castle Frank of a few short seasons ago, was sweet and dainty in white mousseline and lace over mauve, with white hat and plumes. Her bonnie little son was hugely interested in his auntie's wedding, and his questions and comments during the service were very delightful and funny. Mrs. Fennell, great aunt of the bride, looked a very pretty old lady in black gown and bonnet and some beautiful lace. A few others at the wedding were Lady Mulock, Mrs. and Miss Whitney, Mrs. and Miss Gurney, Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell Gurney, Mrs. Sandford Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Ryckman, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Jerrold Ball, Mrs. S. G. and Miss Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Snyder, Mrs. Jack Dixon, Captain and Mrs. Charles Boone, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Flavelle, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cayley, Mrs. Doolittle, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, Mr. Edwin Pearson, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins of Cloynewood, Mrs. and Miss Winifred Eastwood, Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mrs. Ferrier, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Osler, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Willmott Matthews, Mr. Muntz, Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, Miss Ethel Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Burns, Dr. Herbert Bruce, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Mr. L. and Mr. H. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Dean, Mrs. and Miss Evelyn Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall, the Misses Haney, Mr. and Mrs. Mara, Miss Mara, Dr. and Mrs. McGillivray, Mrs. McAgay, Mrs. Walter Massey, the Misses Suckling, Mr. Baldwin, Mr.

and Mrs. Frank Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Lesslie Wilson, Miss Agnes Young, Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, Miss Susie Ellis, Miss Lily Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Kemp, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, the Misses Wright, Miss Coleman of San Francisco, Mrs. Arthur King, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ernest Proctor, Mrs. James George, Mr. and Mrs. Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Skirrow, and a number of others.

The first dinner and dance of the season was on at the R. C. Y. C. Island quarters on Tuesday evening when a most charming crowd of young folks assembled for the dance, a number having come earlier for the club dinner, which was most enjoyable. The evening was very fine and cool for dancing, but not too cool for sitting out, and the splendid floor and music combined to tempt even the chaperones to a caper or two. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Pearson and Mr. and Mrs. Morang, who dined and remained for the dance; Mrs. Sandford Evans, who looked very handsome in a Paisley organdy and large hat with roses; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Massey, without whom no smart Island festivity is complete; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reade, Mr. and Mrs. Maughan, who are at Miss Kidner's on Centre Island; Miss Enid Wornum, Miss Gladys Gurney, Mr. Ford Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wright, Dr. Wright, Miss Georgia Macdonald, Mr. Stanley Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Eby, Baroness Von Wattenwyl, Miss Lily Ellis, Miss Young, Mr. and Mrs. Draper Dobie, Miss Evelyn Taylor, Miss Thomas, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Don Bremner, Mr. George Sears, Mr. Howard Harris and scores of others.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Williams and Mrs. George Gale sailed for Europe a few days ago.

Mrs. George Morang and her children returned to Toronto last week and are with Mr. Morang at their Island home on the breakwater.

Mrs. and the Misses Heaven are in Asheville, North Carolina.

Mr. Ford Robertson returned from Mexico last week and is with his parents at Oasis, on the breakwater.

On Thursday of last week Mrs. Cawthra, of Guiseley House, gave a very smart tea in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Campbell-Renton, who is out from Scotland on a visit to her old home. The tea was quite informal, and hearty welcomes were given to the pretty guest of honor, who looked most attractive in a suit of brown with brown hat. Mrs. Drayton, another daughter, was in blue, and the jolly youngest daughter, Miss Cawthra, was in pink and white. The grounds of Guiseley House looked particularly nice in their fresh summer green, and flowering shrubs, and the guests strayed out upon the verandah to enjoy the beautiful scene. A table centred with flowers was set in the dining room, in the lavish and hospitable manner of Guiseley House. A few of the guests were: Miss Elise Mortimer Clark, Lady Mulock, Lady Moss, Mrs. William Boulton, Mrs. McDowall Thomson, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Hal Osler, Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Mrs. James Scott, Mrs. F. and Miss Elaine Hodgins, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Courtney Haig, Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, Mrs. Cambie, Mrs. Agar Adamson, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Alexander Gibson and a number of others.

Mrs. Agar Adamson has gone to England.

The immense match on last Saturday between fifty members of the Lambton Golf Club and the same number of players from the Toronto Golf Club was played on the links of both clubs, twenty-five players going from club to club to meet an equal number of their opponents. At the Toronto links the match was a tie, at Lambton the western club won out, young Austin, of Spadina, leading in the victory. A number of the spectators there were from across the line, a forecast of the International Tournament expected.

A very pretty June wedding took place in St. John the Baptist church, Norway, at half-past two on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Rosa Bradnee, fourth daughter of the late Mr. John Bradnee and Mrs. Bradnee, of Stourport, Worcestershire, Eng., and niece of Mrs. Bradnee, "Eastwood," Leuty avenue, was married to Mr. Wm. Henry Paget, of Toronto. The officiating clergymen were the rector of St. John's, Rev. W. L. Baynes Reed, and Rev. E. A. Paget, brother of the groom. The service was fully choral. The church was prettily decorated with ferns and flowers. The bride was given away by Mr. Charles D. Wreyford and was gowned in white Irish net over chiffon taffeta inserted with heavy Irish lace. She wore a tulle veil and orange blossoms (her only ornament being a pearl pendant, the gift of the groom) and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. Her maid of honor, Miss Dorothy Wreyford, was gowned in maize silk crepe de chine and wore a large picture hat trimmed with wisteria and maize roses. Mr. George C. Dickson, of Toronto, was groomsmen. The ushers were Mr. W. Bradnee Bate, cousin of the bride; Mr. Jack Wreyford, Mr. Norman Murton, Mr. Leonard Trump. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a pearl brooch, to the best man a gold watch fob, and to the ushers silver-mounted pipes. After the ceremony a reception was held at "Eastwood," the bride's aunt, Mrs. Bradnee, and Mrs. Wreyford receiving; Mrs. Bradnee in black silk with Honiton lace, Mrs. Wreyford in heliotrope crepe de soie; Mrs. Paget, mother of the groom, in black silk, Miss Wreyford in pale grey silk eolienne. Amongst the guests were: Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Baynes Reed, Mrs. Ambery, Rev. E. A. and Mrs. Paget, Mr. and Mrs. R. Paget, Miss Paget, Miss Edith Paget, Mr. and Mrs. F. Paget, Mrs. Rutland, Hamilton; Mrs. J. Bradnee Bate, Mr. S. Bate, Miss Bate, Mr. and Mrs. Phillipot, Mr. and Mrs. S. Johnson, Mr. C. Thonger, Niagara; Mr. S. Heakes, Cobalt; Dr. and Mrs. W. Clarke, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Pepler, Mr. and Mrs. R. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. C. Haldenby, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dickson, Mrs. Percy Sheris, Mrs. C. B. Watts, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Wagner, Mrs. and Miss Trump. The newly married couple left on the 5.20 train for Boston and other American cities, and on their return will reside in their new home on Berkeley avenue.

The lovely moonlight evenings of last week were all that was needed to make the Ben Greet plays a delight. Midsummer Night's Dream was repeated, by request, on Saturday. On Friday afternoon Mr. Greet and his three clever young players, Mr. and the Misses Vivian, whose work in the Thursday and Saturday play has been so much admired, were at "Varsity garden party," where those meeting them found them very good company.

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BIRTHS

BONNEY—At the "Coronada," on June 9, to Dr. and Mrs. Walter Bonney, a daughter.

MICKLES—At Long Branch, June 8, to Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Mickles, a daughter.

LEE—At the Cottage Hospital, June 10, the wife of Mr. Chas. E. Lee, of the Dominion Bank, Unbride, a daughter.

HOLLIDAY—At Fernleigh House, June 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Holliday, a son.

MARRIAGES

PROCTOR-KEMP—At Sherbourne street Methodist church, June 16, Florence Evelyn, second daughter of Mr. A. E. Kemp, M.P., of Castle Frank, to Mr. Albert H. C. Proctor, son of the late Mr. Jas. A. Proctor.

EVANS-BETHUNE—At the Church of the Holy Trinity, June 11, Emily Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Robert H. Bethune, Esq., of Toronto, to the Very Rev. Lewis Evans, Dean of Montreal.

DEAPER-GORDON—At St. Luke's church, Burlington, Ont., June 16, Florence E. B. Gordon, only daughter of the late Mr. Chas. Gordon, barrister, to Oliver Cecil Deaper, of Hamilton.

SCADDING-RAMSAY—At St. Thomas church, Toronto, June 15, Margaret Emily, daughter of Mr. A. G. Ramsay, to Henry Crawford Scadding, M.D., son of the late H. S. Scadding, Esq.

DEATHS

DEYELL—At Port Hope, June 16, Eliza Hoey, widow of the late John Deyell, M.D.

HOLLIDAY—In Toronto, June 13, Philip Tate, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic T. Holliday.

COLQUHOUN—At Waterloo, June 16, James Auster Colquhoun, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, son of the late Frederick Colquhoun, Collector of Customs, Berlin, in his 34th year.

SOCIETY

THE marriage of Mr. Arthur Garfield Northway, of Queen's Park, and Miss Lucy Mary McKellar, niece of the Registrar of Kent, took place in Chatham on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. John Northway and Dr. and Mrs. H. Anderson went to Chatham for the ceremony, and returned to Toronto in the evening with the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Northway were at the Queen's until they left by boat for the East.

Dr. and Mrs. Russell, of London, England, spent a few days with Dr. Herbert Bruce, at his charming home in Bloor street, and their visit was the *raison d'être* of a very pleasant tea on Saturday at the home of their host, at which the guests were all professional men and their wives. The "doctors' tea," as they called it, was most enjoyable, and the cheering cup was served in the dining-room, the table being decorated with pink roses. Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson also gave a tea for Dr. and Mrs. Russell during their stay in town.

Mrs. Falconer is leaving next week for a visit to her girlhood home near Kingston, where Master Gilbert has been for some time.

Among those who went to Brantford last Saturday for Miss Creighton's wedding were her grandmother, Mrs. De Weber, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Braithwaite, Mrs. Stratford, Mrs. Laird and Mrs. Crease. The bridegroom, Mr. Leggatt, of Hamilton, has many good friends in Toronto. Miss Amy Sinclair and Miss Aileen Robertson, cousin of the bride, were two of her bridesmaids.

Mr. and Mrs. Kemp, of Castle Frank, gave a dinner last Saturday night for their daughter's bridal party. Covers were laid for sixteen.

After her marriage Mrs. Proctor (nee Kemp) gave her bridal bouquet to her intimate friend, Miss Ethel Shephard, an act of graceful affection which was warmly appreciated.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan have rented their home, 10 Madison avenue, for the season and are at their country place at Lorne Park until autumn.

On Wednesday afternoon the marriage was solemnized of Miss Jean Arbuthnot Doane, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Doane, Carlton street, and Mr. Wesley J. Hill, of London, Ont. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in an exquisite gown of Princess lace, mounted over chiffon and satin, tulle veil and orange blossom wreath, and carried a shower of bridal roses and lilies. Her only attendant was Mrs. Jack Bascom, who was gowned in pale blue silk mull, and lace and blue hat, and carried a sheaf of American Beauties. The best man was Mr. E. G. McLaren, of London, and Mr. Jack Bascom, and Mr. J. S. Boothe acted as ushers. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Cleaver, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Jackson. Mrs. Doane received her guests in a black and white costume, with hat to match. After receiving the good wishes of the guests dejeuner was served, soon after which the bride reappeared in her travelling suit of blue rajah silk, trimmed with deep cream lace, tan hat with handsome feather mount, in which she looked quite as lovely as in her wedding robes. Mr. and Mrs. Hill left on the 5.20 train for Atlantic City, and will reside in London, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderson, Hamilton, announce the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. John Vincent Nutter, of Winnipeg.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Browne announce the engagement of Miss Jennie R. Grimes to Walter M. P. Schiess. The wedding will take place very quietly on Thursday, July 2.

The engagement of Miss Marion Eddy Lewis and Mr. Charles R. Capon was announced at an informal tea given at the home of Miss Lewis, in Boston, Mass., on Tuesday last. Miss Lewis is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Henry Lewis, of Boston. Mr. Capon is a member of the firm of Capon, Williams & Darr, of Detroit, Mich., and a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Capon, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Somerset have sold their house at 98 Roxborough street west, and moved over to Mrs. Mead's, at the Island, for the summer.

A Monologue

By the Person who Forgets Names but Remembers Faces

WHY, how do you do, Mrs.—er—er— You know, it's funny how I cannot remember names—but I never forget faces. Delighted to see you! Yes, thanks, I'm disgustingly well. Dear me, it must be five years at least since we met in er—er—oh, you know—the place where they had that awful earthquake.

Did you hear that Mr.—er—er—what was his name, the proprietor of—of—well, never mind, that hotel where we were all stopping, has made millions in a copper mine called—I've forgotten what—some ungodly name—in—er—in—er—I can't remember the town out West. Such an odd Dick! Didn't he have a glass eye, or was it a glassy smile? The men used to say he was an honorary member of the Ananias Club. You see, he never told lies about other people—only about himself. He had such a nice son, too; a second edition of his father—expurgated!

How is your daughter—Mrs.—er—er? Oh, yes, thanks! No, I did not know her husband was dead. How very sad! They were divorced, you say, two years before? You amaze me. And to think that Bishop—er—er—the bishop who married them—dropped dead the other day of—er—of—that disease which begins with apple or orange or something like that. You think he wrote fine poetry? Fine and imprisonment, I should say. But, after all, he was a dear old thing, and like most of us Episcopalians—good in spots.

Do you still spend your winters in—er—er—such a trial—if I only could remember names—that enchanting Southern State. I do so love Saint—er, Saint—er—what is the name of that place with the old fort? It's something like one of the months of the year.

By the way, we met Mr. and Mrs.—er—er— You know, the ones who were almost killed in that automobile accident last spring in er—er—somewhere abroad. She is a very pretty woman with such beautifully manicured teeth and laundered hair which she is now wearing in that new hay-stack fashion. Do you remember Colonel—er—er—Thing-a-bob used to say when she was a little girl that her eyes would have to be muzzled when she got older? But let me whisper it, my dear—of course this is gossip—they do say that her diamonds are as false as this tale is true. Did you ever hear how she became acquainted with her husband? Very amusing! You know her people were poor, and she had to do something, but she had no special accomplishments—unless you could call a bright and cheerful disposition one. One day she inserted an advertisement in The Herald something to this effect:

"Blues killed at so much an hour." Well, Mr.—er—er (such a difficult name to remember) had just had a fearful attack of gripe, and was in consequence suffering from blue devils most of the time (he's of a melancholy temperament anyway). The idea tickled his fancy and he sent for her. To make a long story short (that's a real bromide remark, by the way) he fell in love with her and married her, though his parents did everything to break it off. But, my dear, when the bell is rung you can't unring it! I believe they are very happy.

Well, I must be going. So glad to have had this little chat with you. Do come and see me soon. Good-bye.—K. Douglas in The Smart Set for July.

Consolation.

CERTAIN hitherto inanimate objects—the useless things that people feel bound to preserve because they were gifts—had, for the nonce, become animated, and realizing the contempt in which they were secretly held, were the victims of the deepest dejection. The pen-wiper, the cuff-and-collar box, the turgid work of the ponderous poet, the fragile paper-knife, the smoker's set, the ill-looking ink-well and all the rest of their purposeless ilk, looked at one another and sighed. Then at last one, more philosophical than the rest spoke up.

"I realize that I am of no known use," said he, "but at least I am not intentionally harmful. I am thankful to say that I am not a gossip, a foreign nobleman or an amateur entertainer."

"I rejoice," said another, taking heart, "that I do not sing college songs nor eat and advocate raw nuts."

"At least," remarked a third, "I am not a precocious child nor a candidate for anything."

"I have never sold tickets for an

intellectual treat, made an after-dinner speech, or insulted and humiliated a newly married couple," testified the next.

And so it went around the circle, till at last it came the first speaker's turn again.

"Well," said he, "it appears that our status is, after all, not as miserable as it might be. We are at least innocuous, and not wilful and malignant pests. None of us, so far as I know, has ever taken a straw vote, written obituary poetry or organized a new fraternal order. There is not among us an evangelist, an upgetter of amateur theatricals or a professional reformer. None of us are balloon racers, tenor singers, wags, raconteurs, elevators of anything, or propagandists of any sort. It therefore seems that our offenses are but the sins of omission, rather than those of commission."

MORAL—From this we should learn that there is a vast deal of satisfaction to be derived from the knowledge that there is always somebody more insignificant than ourselves.—Tom P. Morgan in The Smart Set.

HE sat at the women's glove counter in the department store waiting patiently until the struggling women buyers would release a saleswoman. Finally one came to him.

"I want a pair of tan gloves," he said.

"For yourself?" the girl inquired.

"Certainly," he said.

"Gents' gloves third counter to the right," she announced.

"I know that," said the man "but please won't you let me buy them here? You see I've got a small hand and I can get a much better fit in women's gloves."

"Certainly," said the salesgirl, and she brought out gloves and gloves until she found what he wanted.

"We never had a man buy his gloves at this counter before," she said in the intervals of trying on, "but I'm sure I don't see why more men don't buy women's gloves. You can do ever so much better in the small sizes, seven or under. Now, there you have a perfect fitting glove and I know they don't keep them that small at the gents' counter here."

"I learned the trick a long while ago," said the man as he waited for his change. "A young woman suggested it. She was a sensible girl, and if there were more like her you would do a big business with men here."—New York Sun.

The opening date of the Third Annual Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada, which is to be held at Rogers Pass in the Selkirk, is fixed for July 7. The camp will last one week. Accommodation is being prepared for 200. One hundred and fifty were placed under canvas at the Paradise Valley Camp of 1907, and it is expected the demand for accommodation this year will be greater.

Marion—I showed papa those verses you wrote me, and he seemed pleased. Harry—He did? Marion—Yes, he said he was so glad to see you were not a poet.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

New York
Brooklyn

Buffalo
Philadelphia

OPPENHEIM, COLLINS & Co.

Main and Huron Sts., Buffalo.

Commencing Monday, June 22nd, 1908

Annual Stock Clearance

The Greatest Mark-Down Sale Ever Held

Women's and Misses' Tailored Suits, Millinery, Lingerie

Dresses, Silk and Linen Jumpers, Girls' Coats

and Dresses, Outer Garments, Separate

Skirts and Shirt Waists at

Half Regular Prices

We refund fares in accordance with the Regulations of the Retail Merchants' Board.

The Remembered Land.

THEY come to me in deeps of night,

They haunt my steps by day,
Those lost and fair and dreaming years

So far—so far away!
And I who know both sin and pain
Am clean as souls that pray.

The unforgot, the visioned years,
Are far and far away;
And all the flowering hills of morn
Are touched with twilight gray;
Distant and dear the sunlit path
That leads from yesterday!

For all the noonday world is wide—
And some are worn and gray—
But deathless dwells the golden dream

Of Love and yesterday;
O youth's lost land of Lyonesse,
How far thou art away!

—Grace Duffield Goodwin in The Smart Set.

The Wine of the Hills.

OF all the drinks I ever knew,
From Chateau wines to shandygaff,
From soft cream ale fresh from the brew,
Or champagnes full of life and laugh;

Whate'er their kind of vintage be;
However nutty, old and rare,
There's none so entrancing me
As good, crisp, fresh-brewed mountain air!

The bouquet of the tapering pine,
Aroma of the wooded mount.
As clear as was the crystal wine
From Horace's Bandusian Fount!
And O the joy when from my bed
I rise when morn succeeds the rout

To find, although I have a head,
'Tis not the kind you read about!
—John Kendrick Bangs in July Smart Set.

Dat Beeg Cariboo.

THE fire burns bright
And clear shines the light,
From our lonely trapper's shack.
The "bouillon" so hot,
And the "spuds" in the pot,
Is our meal—with a little hard tack.
We await the return
Of our "shot"—gone since morn;
By his gun we've had many a stew.
He surely can't fail
To hit the right trail
On the track of "dat beeg Cariboo."
Not a sound but an owl,
Or the coyote's howl.

And the canyon, the stream roaring through;
But soon sad our lot
When our trusty "crack shot"
Hove in sight—but with no cariboo!
—Paul E. Findlay, in Rod and Gun.

Another department has been added to the British Museum. This is the gramophone record department. Records of the voices of all the most eminent people in all walks of life will be supplied to the museum by a gramophone company. The museum trustees undertake not to allow the records to be heard for fifty years, at the end of which time it will be possible for the student to go to the

Quebec's Greatest Year

LAKE ST. JOSEPH HOTEL
Before and after the Tercentenary, the hotel is the LAKE ST. JOSEPH, in Laurentian Mountains; 100 rooms; 50 minutes from Quebec; Station in grounds; special train service; boating, fishing, tennis, golf, croquet; all electric appliances; telegraph. Rates, \$2.50 up. Best New York management. Write for booklet. Manager, Lake St. Joseph Hotel, Quebec.

museum and awaken the voices of the past, just as he now turns up the writings of the departed masters.

The greatest care will be exercised in conferring upon persons the honor of a niche in the chamber of voice records at the British Museum. The few celebrities who so far have achieved this distinction number about a dozen, and they include the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of Westminster, Lord Kelvin, Lord Roberts, Mme. Patti, Mme. Melba and Signor Caruso.

Mother—Just run upstairs, Tommy, and fetch baby's nightgown. Tommy—Don't want to. Mother—Oh, well, if you're going to be unkind to your new little sister, she'll put on her wings and fly back again to heaven. Tommy—Then let her put on her wings and fetch her nightgown!—Punch.

When you go away on your summer vacation be very careful what water you drink, as typhoid often lurks in the seemingly innocent brook running near the farm-house.

Be on the safe side and take with you a box of refreshing, sparkling radnor, Canada's first mineral water.

"Well, where's that cook?" demanded his wife. "Don't tell me that she wasn't on the train." "She was on the train," timidly explained the commuter, "but I got to playing cards and a Lonelyville man won her at whist."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

At the Dentist's—"Ow much, mister?" "Half a crown, please." "Wot! Why, it didn't take yer half a minute. The last bloke I went to pulled me all round the room for a quarter of an hour, and then only charged me a shillin'."—Pall Mall Magazine.

Waiter—Yes, sir, we're very hup to date 'ere. We cook heverythink by electricity. Customer—Oh, do you? Then just give this steak another shock.—Ex.

"What business is Miss Gaddie in?" "Oh, she's in everybody's business." "Wholesale, eh?" "Yes, except when it comes to a bit of scandal; she retails that."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

NIAGARA NAVIGATION COMPANY.

On Saturday afternoon, June 20th, Niagara Navigation Company steamer Cayuga will make the 2 o'clock trip to Niagara, Lewiston and Queenston. Special round trip rate 75 cents.

Governor-General's Body Guard Band will play on the trip over.

Society at the Capital

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH was on Thursday, June 11, the scene of a very interesting and fashionable wedding, when Miss Ruth Sherwood the eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. A. P. Sherwood, Commissioner of Dominion Police, and Mrs. Sherwood, was made the wife of Mr. William Ernest Stephenson of Throckley Hall, Northumberland, England, son of the late Charles Stephenson and Mrs. Stephenson, of Beaulands Park, Carlisle, England.

The church was suitably and very prettily decorated with potted palms, smilax and quantities of snowy blossoms, and was taxed to its utmost capacity with a brilliant assemblage of gayly-attired guests and also crowds of interested onlookers. At two o'clock the bridal procession moved slowly up the aisle, preceded by the vested choir, who sang in perfect voice the selection from Lohengrin, "Here Comes the Bride." The ushers, Mr. Livius Sherwood, brother of the bride, Mr. Shanley Sherwood, a cousin, Mr. Allan Keefe and Mr. C. L. O'Brien came next and they were followed by the maid of honor, Miss Betty MacLennan, of Montreal, and the three bridesmaids, Miss Isobel Sherwood, Miss Freda Stephenson, younger sister of the groom, and Miss Norah Lewis.

The graceful and handsome bride, leaning on her father's arm came next and called forth expressions of the most profound admiration, the likeness between father and daughter being particularly commented on. The beautiful bridal robe of white Liberty satin was made in Empire effect, with panels of rich Irish guipure, each panel being bordered with loops of tiny pearls. Tucked satin sleeves falling over undersleeves of the same handsome lace were also trimmed with pearls, and the bridal veil of tulle, surmounted with clusters of orange blossoms, was arranged most becomingly, falling over the face. A very handsome pendant in the form of mercury wings of diamonds set in platinum, the gift of the groom's mother, a pair of pearl and diamond earrings, and a magnificent diamond and pearl ring, the two latter the gifts of the groom were worn and a shower bouquet of lily-of-the-valley, carried by the pretty bride, put the finishing touch to a perfect bridal costume.

The attractive quartette of attendant maids were alike gowned in pale canary Liberty satin, simply made in semi-Empire effect, with yokes and sleeves of filet net. Their hats were simple and picturesque, being of white silk braid, trimmed with pleated mairine, with a large *chou* of the latter on the left side, and finished with a band of gold underneath. Gold shoes added an effective touch, and each carried a lovely bouquet of creamy roses. The groom's brother, Mr. Robert Stephenson, who came from England with the groom, was the best man, and to him and to the ushers the bride presented silver cigarette cases as souvenirs of the happy event. The groom's gifts to the bride's attendants were very pretty silver purses.

On the conclusion of the impressive service, which was conducted by the Rev. J. M. Snowden, the rector, and while the wedding party was in the vestry signing the register, the congregation thoroughly enjoyed hearing Mr. Guy Maingy sing in excellent voice "Beloved, it is Morn." A reception at Colonel and Mrs. Sherwood's residence in Laurier Avenue West followed, and many and hearty were the congratulations showered on the happy pair, who stood before a mantel banked in white roses, to receive them. The health of the bride and groom, proposed by Rev. Mr. Snowden, was heartily drunk by all and was responded to in a few very happy remarks by the groom. Colonel and Mrs. Sherwood's health was also drunk and, the host then proposed a toast to the mother of the groom in England and read an extract from a letter from her in which she wrote that at the same time as the wedding was taking place in Ottawa, she would celebrate the event at Throckley by giving a general treat to all the children in the collieries on the estate, who would join in giving their best wishes to the happy bride and groom over the seas. Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson left on the four o'clock train for Montreal and other points, the bride looking exceedingly charming in a very smart suit of Copenhagen blue Shantung silk, with long coat, which had panels of braided net and opened over a dainty lace blouse. A hat of the same shade with band of gold and Persian embroidery and graceful blue feathers was most becoming. As the bride came downstairs

to take the carriage she tossed her bouquet among a bevy of pretty maidens, and it was captured by Miss Gladys Cook. After a honeymoon of three weeks Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson will return to bid Mrs. Stephenson's parents good-bye, before sailing for their home in the Motherland.

THE earlier part of the week was like the preceding one, a strenuous time for Miss Sherwood, (as she was then), as each and all of her friends vied with one another in giving her some merry send-off; consequently luncheons, teas and dinners crowded each other as closely as possible during the first three days of the week. Colonel Sherwood dined Mr. Stephenson and several friends at the Rideau Club on Wednesday evening, and on Thursday evening after the wedding Mr. Livius Sherwood entertained his sister's bridesmaids, ushers, etc., at a bright little dinner-dance at the Golf Club.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, June 15, 1908.

By the Sea.

BEAT of the tide, beat of the blood,
O life seems good
This bright, windy weather!
The soul laughs and the sea laughs
Bravely together;
The whole world spreads out vivid,
intense—
Clear-cut and a-shine,
Breath of the brine,
Beat of the tide, beat of the blood,
Life is good—good!

II

The wind is like a lapidary
And cuts the sapphire of the sea
Into traceries and flutings
Most curiously.

Wonder-work, his fine strong fretting,
And without a peer,
The great gem beneath it gleaming
Cerulean clear!

Yonder bar of palest beryl
His high skill hath touched and
lo!
By a fleck of foam he turns it
Into a cameo.

III

A narrow little lane that goes
Unevenly, between two rows
Of humble cottages—all gray
As mosses long and soft, a-sway
In Southern woods, or webs that stir
From rafters old; a tender blur
Of Old Maid's Pink, and crass, gay
green,
Where marsh-grass pricks a path between
The sandy soil; on without bend,
The little road, then at the end—
The sea a-glitter and the sky,
One burning lapis lazuli,
The sand, a haze of amber light,
And one far sail, clear, shadeless
white!

IV

Dull gray sky, the sand more pallid
gray,
White line of the lapping surf and
silken swish of the sea;
Gulls plaining sharp, and shadowy
slow, slow sail
Gliding in mist away.

Tang of brine and murmur and mystery;
Dreams of the fair lost ships and
those that have reached their
port;
Of the alien wonders they bring; and
rich, haunting, strange.
Myths and songs of the sea.
—Anne Cleveland Cheney, in the Atlantic Monthly.

NEW LINE TO GEORGIAN BAY.

C.P.R. REACHES ATTRACTIVE TOURIST COUNTRY.
The opening of the Canadian Pacific's Toronto-Sylbury line not only gives Parry Sound a double-daily service of fast well-equipped trains, but opens to the public the finest country in Ontario for summer camping, canoe trips, fishing, etc. If you want to spend your vacation camping, paddling and fishing in a district that is not over-run and in waters that are not fished out, go north of Parry Sound to Point au Baril, Byng Inlet, French River and other attractive spots, which are quickly reached from Toronto. Secure folders, maps and train times at C.P.R. ticket office.

"To what do you attribute your success as a monarch?" After a moment's thought the European ruler replied: "Largely to bad marksman-ship."—Washington Star.

There are enough serious things in life without considering yourself one of them.—The Cynic's Calendar.

Stories Told of the Prince of Wales

Anecdotes Concerning the Heir to the British Throne, who will Visit Canada Next Month.

FORTY-THREE years ago the third of June, in the year 1865, witnessed the birth of the King's second son. His Royal Highness is ably following in the steps of his father, many of whose attributes the Prince has inherited, especially tact. This was displayed many times and oft when he was Prince George. On one occasion (relates London P. T.O.) the captain of the P. and O. liner, Victoria, while lying off Malta, was told one day to look out for his Royal Highness, who was going home as a passenger on his ship. He told the first officer to let him know as soon as the Prince put off from the shore, which, of course, was close by, and to at once man the yards. The officer waited for some time, and at length, seeing a quiet young man ascending the ship's ladder, he asked him rather bluntly if he knew when that "blessed" Prince was coming along. The gentleman smiled and said: "Well, as a matter of fact, here he is. I saw you were busy coaling, and, as a sailor myself, I know what a nuisance it would be to have to call the men off their work, so I thought I would just come off quietly by myself and save trouble."

When his Royal Highness visited Nova Scotia in 1890, when commanding H.M.S. Thrush, he won golden opinions by his genial bonhomie. Then, as now, there was nothing he disliked more than "kow-towing" to him in any shape or form—anent which a story. During the Prince's stay at Halifax the officers of the regiment in garrison gave a grand ball, which his Royal Highness attended. His hostess was quite overcome by the exalted position of her guest, and kept alternately "siring" and "siring" him—being divided in her mind as to which was correct—till any other man but a trained Prince would have shown signs of boredom. Eventually a move was made to the supper-room, the Prince and his hostess leading the way. Canadian oysters are good, and the guest of honor expressed a desire for some. A young subaltern happened to be passing by as he did so. "Hi, Mr. Blank," the lady called out, "bring his Royal Highness some oysters at once—and look sharp." The subaltern, if young, was of an independent character. He turned round to a servant, and said quietly, with a slight and unmistakable emphasis on the first word, "Waiter, kindly fetch some oysters for his Royal Highness." No one enjoyed the snub more than the Prince. But the subaltern subsequently found it convenient to go to the I. S. C.

And one recalls that the Prince while on his first Colonial tour with the Princess was himself snubbed. As being probably the only occasion on which such a thing has happened to his Royal Highness it deserves retelling. One Sunday, while in Australia, the Prince passed a Wesleyan church just as the Sunday School was dismissed. The scholars followed him until they were asked by the Governor to "run away," which most of them did. The sole exception was a tiny girl, who still stayed near the Prince and gazed up with innocent awe into his face. He kindly took her by the hand, walked some distance with her, then said, "Now you have had a walk with me, run away and play." The demure severity of the reply, "Please sir, we don't play on Sunday," must rather have nonplussed his Royal Highness.

There is a pleasant anecdote of the Prince, which, although not new, is worth repeating. In 1888, when Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, Sir John Commerell one day received a message from the Prince of Wales (now Edward VII.) saying that he wished to see his son at Goodwood. The message was duly delivered to Prince George, but the Prince preferred to think of his duty first. His answer, although he could perfectly well have been spared on the occasion, was, "Well, sir, but what is to become of my torpedo-boat?" Sir John Commerell replied, "I think, Prince George, we can spare you for the day, and your father would like to see you at Goodwood." "No, sir," replied the Prince, "I have got orders to go out in my torpedo-boat to Spithead, and go I must." And soon afterwards his Royal Highness was steaming out to sea in the teeth of an easterly gale.

A characteristic story of the Prince is related concerning his visit to Gwalior two years ago. The Maharajah of that State had established some lion cubs in an enclosure

with the idea of perpetuating the breed, and one morning the Prince strolled out, with some members of his staff, to see them fed. He found them baiting an unfortunate live goat, which they were playing with as cats with a mouse. After watching the performance for a while, the Prince suddenly exclaimed: "I can't stand this any longer. He's a jolly plucky goat, and we must get him out somehow." The question was how to manage the rescue, for it was not at all an easy task to get the goat out of an enclosure in which some three-quarter-grown lions were at large. A lasso was eventually selected, and the work of salvage commenced. They had just got the noose over the goat, and were about to hoist him up, when a lioness went for him in earnest, and it looked to be all up with him. But with the courage of despair he charged her and sent her flying; and before she could pick herself up and return to the attack the rope was over him, and he was hoisted up to safety. He was found to have escaped without injury, barring a slight cut on one leg, and he was made a pensioner for life, and adorned with a silver collar.

Spinsterhood.

IHAVE looked on the king: From out of the North he came;
The world was busy and blind; but my heart took wing
At the light in his face, and the truth swept out like a flame,
And I said, "Tis the King!"

The depths of my soul felt the breath of a strange new word,
And an unfledged joy I bore on my breast unseen.
All my life dreamed into the voice that my spirit heard,
Singing, "Thou art the queen."
But the king passed by with never a glance at me;
He was gazing aloft at a star, or down at a stone.
With a brow that pondered and eyes that were keen to see.

And I wait, alone.

—Jane Curnyn, in The Atlantic.

Newsboys' Picnic.

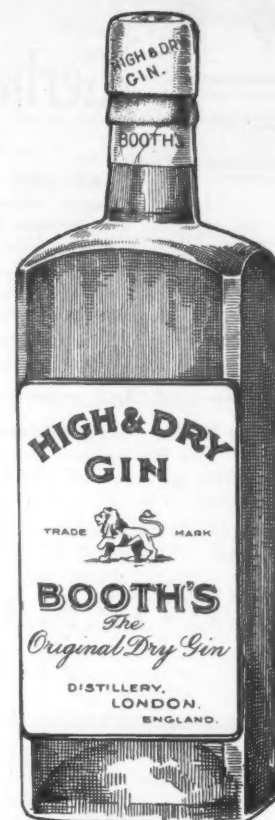
Those who take an interest in the newsboys of Toronto should purchase tickets for the picnic at Island Park on Dominion Day. The affair is in the hands of the Newsboys' Union and the proceeds from the sale of tickets will go towards paying expenses and purchasing prizes to be awarded to the winners in various athletic contests.

FOR MUSKOKA, LAKE OF BAYS, AND PARRY SOUND.

The 10 a.m. Grand Trunk vestibule train with Broiler Buffet parlor car now running to Muskoka and Lake of Bays, has proved a decided success, and commencing Saturday, June 27, the Muskoka Navigation Company's steamers will leave Muskoka Wharf at 1.30 p.m. direct for Royal Muskoka and Rosseau, etc. On same date new trains will leave Toronto at 2 a.m. (sleeper open at

HIGH & DRY GIN

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and is recognized
as the Best Dry Gin
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JOHN HOPE & CO., Montreal, Agents for Canada

What Kind of Wedding Present to Buy



You must think of what the bride will need and what the bride would like. You must also consider what would be good taste on your own part. There is nothing more useful in a bride's new house, or more appreciated for its beauty, than a

Genuine Oriental Rug

Oriental Rugs are very decorative and last a lifetime. Another very artistic and much appreciated line of gifts is Brassware. We have the largest collection of genuine

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that can be found in any city on the American continent. Turkish, Russian, Damascus, Benares, Persian and Indian. The collection includes Trays, Pots, Kettles, Jardinieres, and the largest assortment of Candlesticks in the city.

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Calendar sent on application. Autumn term commences Sept. 10, 1908

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Under the joint management of MISS SCOTT, formerly Principal of the Girls' Department of the Provincial Model School, Toronto, and MISS MERRICK.
AUTUMN TERM WILL BEGIN SEPT. 9TH.
For Prospectus apply to MISS SCOTT.

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Two-roomed apartment with bath, unfurnished, \$40, heat, light and water. Also a Bachelor's apartment, furnished, \$30. The Alexandra, Queen's Park ave.

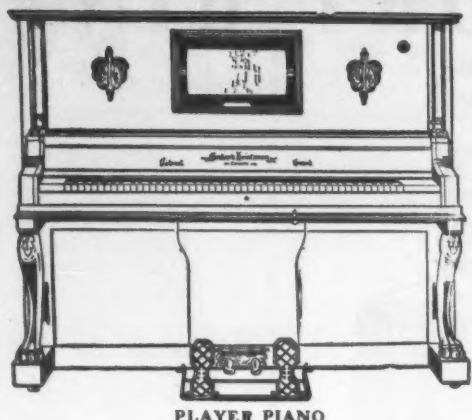
Their Eye on Canada.

The people of the United States generally get credit for knowing "a good thing." They have their eye on the Canadian Northwest. In 1905 and 1906, thirty per cent. of Canada's total immigration came from that country. They also have faith in Canada as a manufacturing country. Not less than 140 United States manufacturing firms have branches in Canada, representing an investment of \$100,000,000.

And many who have come to live in Canada say they have never used any Tires, for Carriage or Automobile, which have given them the same degree of satisfaction as the "Canadian" quality, made by the Canadian Rubber Company of Montreal. These tires are sold all over Canada. Toronto branch, Front and Yonge streets. Telephone Main 207.

"Do you know that your chickens come over into my garden?" "I thought they must be doing that." "Why did you think so?" "Because they never come back."—Cleveland Leader.

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ANYONE CAN PLAY IT. It is the Only Player Piano in the World that plays the Whole Keyboard (88 Notes), and has a number of other exclusive features.

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LET US MAIL YOU FULL PARTICULARS.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LIMITED

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127 King Street East

97 Yonge St., Toronto

A German View of Canada

A Leading Berlin Journal Says the Longley Incident Has Been Valuable in Placing Canada in a New and Truer Light Before the People of Europe.

THE Berlin correspondent of the Canadian Gazette, of London, in an interesting letter to that excellent publication says that thinking Germans are evidently much moved by their reflections upon the Franco-Canadian treaty. The correspondent indicates the impression made upon one of the leading Berlin newspapers, The Berliner Tageblatt, known to be in close touch with the German Chancellor. "Especially significant," says The Gazette, "is The Tageblatt's appeal to Germans—notably, of course, the agricultural or agrarian interests—to seize the present opportunity to put an end to the little tariff war between Germany and Canada, and negotiate a commercial reciprocity with Canada while there is yet time. Germany, obviously, could not hope to get as good terms after the conclusion of an Imperial reciprocity arrangement between Canada and the United Kingdom—an event to which German politicians are looking forward in consequence of recent bye-elections in England."

The letter of the Berlin correspondent runs as follows:

The much-talked-of incident which arose out of the speech of Judge Longley at the New York banquet has done more to place Canada in her true position here on the Continent than all the propaganda and articles of the last few years have done together. Especially is this the case in Germany, where the people, journalists, and sometimes even Ministers, are often woefully ignorant about Canada and things Canadian. Most of them have a habit of looking upon it as a country of no particular importance, as a tract somewhere in the north of America which is destined ultimately to become a part of the United States, and which must be treated accordingly. Such happenings as the banquet scene place the whole subject in an entirely new light to the German mind. At any rate, this incident has created a new interest. Telegraphic reports of the speech appeared in all the papers, and what followed, together with the comments in Canada, England and the United States, found wide publication.

One of the most important articles appears on the front page of The Berliner Tageblatt. The writer sums up what may be regarded as the general opinion of Germany. He warns his readers against hasty judgments and being carried away by all that they read and hear. What in Europe passes for superficial politeness is, he says, quite unknown among the healthy people occupying the land between Vancouver Island and the St. Lawrence. One of their characteristics is sterling honesty and they have a habit of saying exactly what they think without in any way mincing matters. Yet Germany must not mistake the sentiments of the Halifax judge for the general feeling in Canada. There are those in Canada who share the opinions of the judge, but they are not so very numerous, and the great mass of the people is against any

movement to separate entirely from Britain, and to set up an independence. In fact, this feeling of allegiance to the Mother Country is stronger to-day than ever it was.

Canada is daily becoming more and more independent of the States. Her sound government and clever politics are beginning to tell, and have succeeded in considerably minimizing the influence which United States capital at one time exercised in the country. Now Canada bids fair to draw to herself much of what is best in the States. Dissatisfied farmers are flocking from the States to the wheat fields of Canada, taking with them capital and gear. The only response which came from Canada to the fine sentiments of President Roosevelt in his speech at the laying of the foundation stone of the Pan-American offices at Washington was a knowing laugh.

Though Canada may no longer be considered a colony in the strictest sense of the world, she is, says The Tageblatt, nevertheless one of the most loyal parts of the British Empire, and shows some pride in the place she occupies in the Empire. The present relations between Canada and the Mother Country are all that can be desired, and the warm interest which the court and government are taking in connection with the forthcoming Tercentenary celebrations are helping to strengthen these ties. This celebration is at the same time a proof to the world how cordial is the feeling between the British and French elements in Canada. Both are popularly and officially united in commemorating the undying heroes of the country, Wolfe and Montcalm. They have now sunk any differences which at one time threatened to hinder the natural development of the country.

The article refers to Sir Wilfrid Laurier in terms of high praise as a statesman, diplomat and speaker. Under his prudent direction Canada has flourished abundantly, and can go confidently into the great future which lies before her. The events of the last few weeks have enabled Sir Wilfrid to add the crown to the many important measures he has introduced and to the numerous concessions he has been instrumental in obtaining from time to time. It is impossible, The Tageblatt thinks, to overvalue what it means to Canada to be free to arrange her own treaties and agreements with other countries. And this grant is only another proof of the desire on the part of Britain to please the Colonists, and her readiness to respect their wishes and necessities. It is a concession which so far has not been given to any other colony.

The Longley speech has not, this German organ thinks, been without its good effect at home and abroad. If it has done nothing else, it has at least cleared the air and shown exactly in what position affairs stand. Everything goes to prove that Canada wisely submits to follow her natural course of development. She has no wish to force matters, or to place herself in a position she may have occasion to regret. Instead, she is content to let the fruit ripen until it falls from the original trunk in the natural course and when all else is prepared accordingly. Possibly that time may come when the giant, Canada, rises in her full strength and glory; when the country is able to make full use of all the resources with which a bountiful Nature has provided her, when she becomes a

great industrial as well as a great agricultural country. When that time comes she will be in a position to protect herself and her interests without the aid of British ships and guns. Meantime Britain looks upon Canada as the Empire's corn chest, from which to draw her enormous supplies of food and farm produce. In fact, Canada is become the foundation of Britain's existence in the great place she occupies in the world's industrial market. To this act may be traced the Imperialist movement which seeks to draw the Empire closer together by a system of preference tariffs, and thereby establish a firm basis on which to continue to build up the great colonial power. The gist of this system is that Canada's farms have to supply Britain with food, while Britain's mills and factories are to supply Canada's industrial requirements. Already some progress has been made, but it is patent to all that the scheme lies much more in the interests of Great Britain than of Canada. It leaves out of consideration entirely the fact that Canada will at no very distant date be supplying her own industries.

Possibly the most interesting part of this article from the Canadian point of view is the closing paragraph, making a direct appeal to Germany to awake out of her lethargy and take advantage of her opportunities while she is still in a position to do so. "With this great land of the future, with this rising people of the twentieth century, Germany is still engaged in a tariff war. While our exports to other lands continue to increase, our exports to Canada have during the last five years gone down from £1,950,000 to £1,250,000. It is high time that we, after our experience with the South African tariff, took the initiative in coming to some understanding and gave up the standpoint we had in 1898, which may be theoretically justified but which is politically damaging. The Canadian Premier has made an independent treaty with France, thus establishing a precedent which can be taken advantage of for arranging a commercial compact between Canada and Germany. Canada's good government, her richness in natural products, her healthy population full of possibilities are bringing the country into line with the leading nations of the world. We must work together with them in peace. There is nothing separating us except the Atlantic ocean, and that only at its narrowest part."

A chronic kicker always ends by landing on himself.

In the wheel of life most people want to be the hub.

The vainest man living is the man who prides himself on having no vanities.

The man who does things is never the man who tells about them beforehand.

When a man boasts that his word is as good as his bond, you would better inquire into his bank-balance.

—Saturday Evening Post.

The agent of the titled wooer found that the ambitious American girl had only \$150,000 a year. Of course, he advised his principal to withdraw. "But," insisted the latter, "I could scrape along on \$150,000 a year." Possibly, but who'd support your wife? Even love could not put forth no argument against this.

—New York World.

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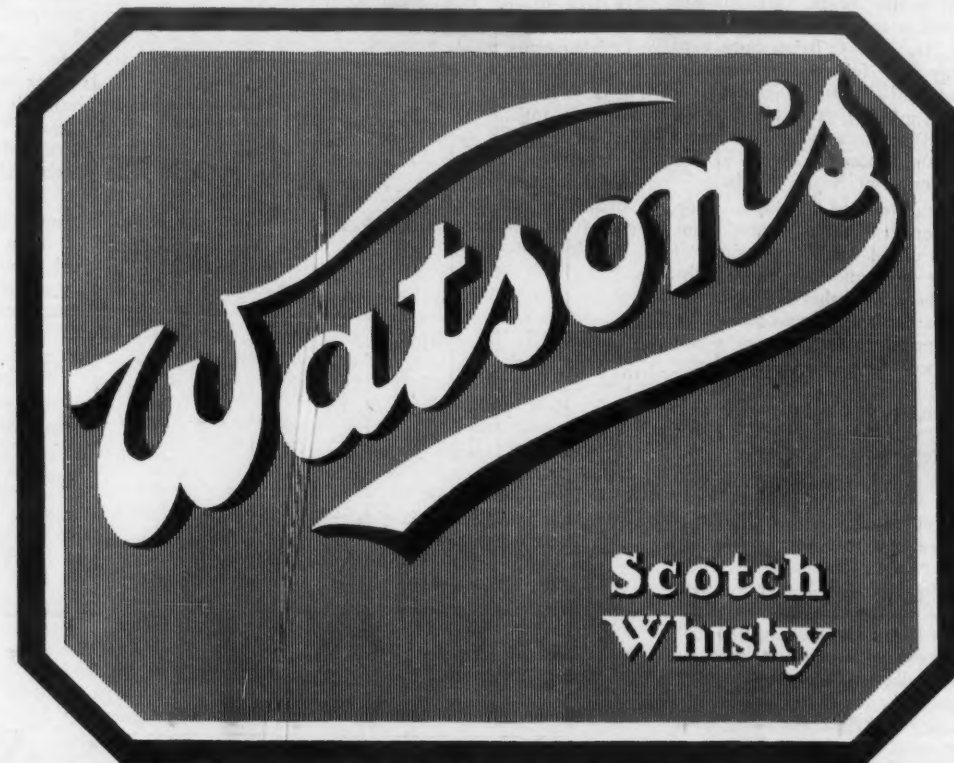
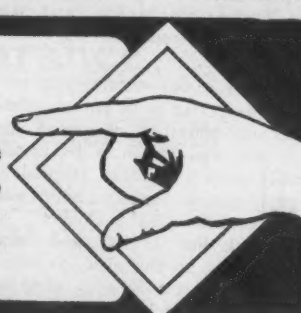
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Campaign Against Cockney Speech.

HORNSEY has declared war against Cockneyism, and a Pure Speech League has been formed to carry on the campaign, (says a London correspondent). A good deal has been heard of the correct pronunciation of the English language recently, and Hornsey seems to have a difficult task in hand.

Whose pronunciation is above reproach? Dr. Sweet, who knows as much about this subject as anyone, points out that "father" and "farther," "savor," and "save her" have exactly the same sound in educated southern English speech, though not by any means in educated Scottish speech; and Bernard Shaw is probably right when he says that "nothing annoys a native speaker of English more than a faithful setting down in phonetic spelling of the sounds he utters."

With regard to a cure for Cockneyism G. R. Sims suggests that the London County Council should start evening classes in the English language for parents.

"The offensive thing about the Cockney language," he goes on, "seems to me to consist far more in the intonation and emphasis of the sentences than in the pronunciation of the words. It is a lazy language. All the words 'dahn Kemberwell wye' are given the same emphasis, whether they are big or little ones, so that when real emphasis is desired ugly adjectives have to be introduced. That is where the Americans beat us. Even the uneducated American speaks with intelligent emphasis upon the right words. It is an education in itself to hear an American speak over the telephone."

A teacher in an East End school gives a good example of the difficulties caused by the Cockney dialect. A girl in the school gave her name as Ida Pine and to this day the teacher is not certain whether it should be spelled 'Ada Payne,' 'Ada Pine,' 'Ida Payne,' or 'Ida Pine.'

Tolstoy's Eightieth Birthday.

FOR the last forty years Tolstoy has been one of the great names in European literature, and, though perhaps less in the West than in the East, one of the few writers of our time who has had a

living influence upon ideas," writes the London Times, apropos of the celebration of Tolstoy's eightieth birthday.

"From the moment when the French translation of 'La Guerre et la Paix' appeared, some time before 1870, the author's brethren of the craft recognized in him a man who had something new and vitally interesting to say and who said it in a manner that was new, original, and with a commanding power of its own. On a vast canvas, crowded with figures, the author has given a picture of the life of the whole nation such as no other hand has painted or could paint; a picture more real than 'Les Miserables,' far truer and less limited than 'David Copperfield,' and more comprehensive than 'Vanity Fair.'

"The method at first seemed a little ragged, the style a little diffuse; but as we read we soon came to find that the whole composition was firmly knit together, that each of the multitudinous characters was self-consistent, that no two were any more alike than they are in nature. We found a marvellously clear observation of life, a thousand details rendered with absolute precision, impressions concentrated in a word, truths figured in a phrase."

"Small wonder that Tolstoy was immediately recognized both in his own country and abroad as a great man, and that his book, with 'Anna Karenine,' which followed some years later, was immensely read, and began to exercise an influence which subsists to this day. It has been felt by every serious imaginative writer in France and Germany, and by more than one of those who count for most in the modern literature of England."

"But Count Tolstoy himself soon grew dissatisfied with his novels. By the time he reached the age of fifty he came to see or believe, that literature was vanity, art and science vanity, and that nothing was of value except religion; that is to say, the spirit of religion, and by no means its forms. He was, in fact, 'converted,' though his conversion led him into far different paths from those followed by either Trappist or Salvationist. Already in his great stories he had indicated the way, and Levine, in 'Anna Karenine,' had beaten out a kind of music of which the full harmonies were only to be

heard in the later works. It is they that contain what Tolstoy regards as his real message to the world; and in uttering that message Tolstoy has met, as was only natural, the fate of prophets in every age. The only profits that are tolerated by the ruling classes are those who speak comfortably to Jerusalem; and Tolstoy has not spoken comfortably to Russia."

"He has told his countrymen that modern life and modern civilization are all wrong; that government is an evil, war unmixed barbarism, armies, police, courts of law, and an established clergy all so many devices for leading mankind away from the true path and from the Divine teaching. That teaching, for Europe and for Russia, is plainly written in the Gospels—not in the theology of St. Paul, not in Fathers or Reformers, not, above all, in the orthodox Church. The teaching of the Gospels he reduces to five commandments: never be angry; allow yourself neither sexual license nor divorce; take no oaths of service of any kind; do not resist force with force; be a citizen of the world, and not of any one nation."

Her Fruits.

THERE are the fruits, kindness and gentleness,
And gratefully we take them at her hands;
Patience she has, and pity for distress,
And love that understands.

Ah, ask not how such rich reward was won,
How sharp the harrow in the former years,
Or mellowed in what agony of sun,
Or watered with what tears.

—Mary Eleanor Roberts, in McClure's Magazine.

WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN!

Like morning roses bathed in dew is the complexion of a woman who has made herself lovely by regularly anointing her face with the purest and best of all skin foods, "Campana's Italian Balm."

The Patient—But look here! How do I know all the time I'm getting absent treatment? The Healer—Don't worry. I'll send you an itemized bill.—Life.